APRIL, 1901.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

Mr. Walter Hale's paper in this number on "George W. Cable's New Orleans" will be followed in our next issue by an article on "Bret Harte's Country," from the pen of Mr. Will M. Clemens.

The fact that the "best-selling books" are reported in *order of demand* has been overlooked in some recent comment upon the summaries made by the editors of THE BOOKMAN.

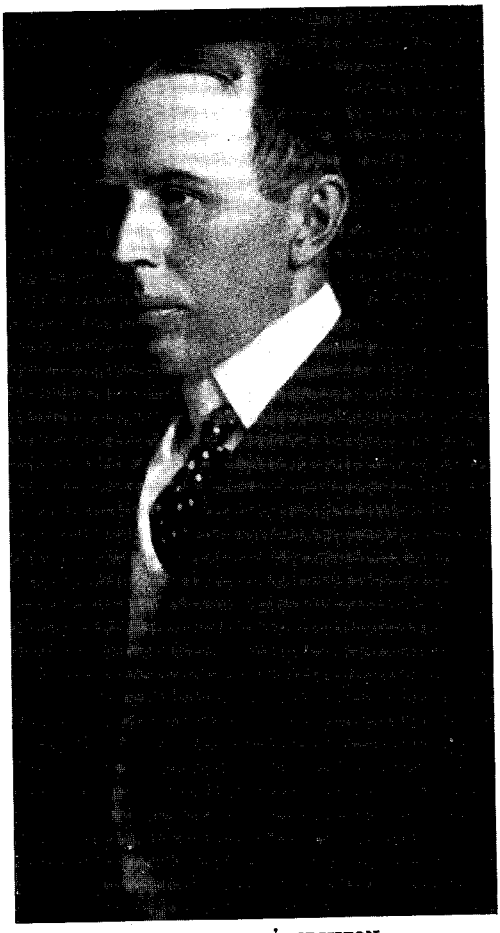
To remove all possible misapprehension, the six best-selling books of the month will hereafter be deduced in accordance with the following precise system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	shall receive		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

The addition of the points credited to each book will give the best six their respective standing.

Mr. George Barr McCutcheon.

Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, whose novel *Graustark* has recently come from the press of Messrs. Herbert S. Stone and Company, has been writing short stories for years in connection with his regular work as a newspaper man. Mr. McCutcheon was born in 1866 in Tippecanoe County, Indiana. For a time he attended Purdue University, but did not remain to be graduated. At one time, in the early eighties, he was for a few months an actor with a very queer opera company. He walked home. He confesses that he does not want to be an actor now. In 1889 he began work as a reporter on the *Lafayette Morning Journal,* and in 1893 he was made the city editor of the *Lafay-*



GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.

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MR. HAROLD MACGRATH.

ette Daily Courier, a position which he has held ever since.

Harold MacGrath's "Arms and the Woman."

It is just such books as Mr. Harold MacGrath's *Arms and the Woman,* which after running serially appeared in book form about a year and a half ago, that force upon one the conclusion that there is no standard by which the popularity of a book can be positively prophesied. *Arms and the Woman* can best be summed up as "a rattling story." It had fire and dash and humour. It was constructed with a great deal of skill and dexterity. As a serial it was very widely read; and yet since it has been in book form its success has been only mediocre. So far as one can see there was absolutely no reason why *Arms and the Woman* did not go into many successive editions. It was an infinitely better story in every way than many of the books which during the past eighteen months have had such astonishingly large sales. However, from our opinion of *Arms and the Woman* we believe th t there is the possibility of such a success in Mr. MacGrath's next book, which is to be entitled *The Puppet Crown,* and which will appear immediately. The story of *The Puppet Crown* is based on the buying up of a government loan by an English diplomat as the basis of a political intrigue against Austria, which, at the time of the story, was contriving a *coup* to gain control of Corinthia.

Mr. MacGrath's Career and Work.

As a newspaper man, Mr. MacGrath has had more than the usual newspaper man's share of rubbing up against the world. He has always been more or less of a rover. "Now and then," he writes, "I have travelled first class, but more often I have gone with the 'caboose' and the 'fourth cabin.' This buffetting did me good." His first literary effort he dropped into a corner mail-box "when no one was looking save my guiding star, which at the time was somewhat out of its orbit. I left the rest to Uncle Sam, and he saw that my contribution came back promptly. I might have become a successful plumber but for the rage I entertained for the editor who refused to brighten up his editorial page with my graceful tribute to Chloe or Daphne or some mythological character—I forget what it was. I must have tired them out, for in less than six months after" (Mr. MacGrath was at that time eighteen years of age) "I was given a place on the reportorial staff. The first contribution I ever had the pleasure of seeing in print was an article on the improvements of a local cemetery. I believe it was due to this assignment that I became a humourist."

In 1895 Mr. MacGrath gave up active newspaper work and turned his hand to the writing of jokes and light verses. Three years ago the Syracuse *Herald* called upon him and assigned him to the editorial page as its "poet and humourist," a position which he still holds. About the same time he decided that there were only two careers open to a newspaper man—that of a politician or of a novelist. "Naturally, I chose the lesser of two evils." *Arms and the Woman* was originally a short story. The author disliked it and threw it away, but, happily, it was rescued by a newspaper friend, who declared that there was "stuff" in it for a good romance; so Mr. MacGrath started the novel. "I am positive that I rewrote

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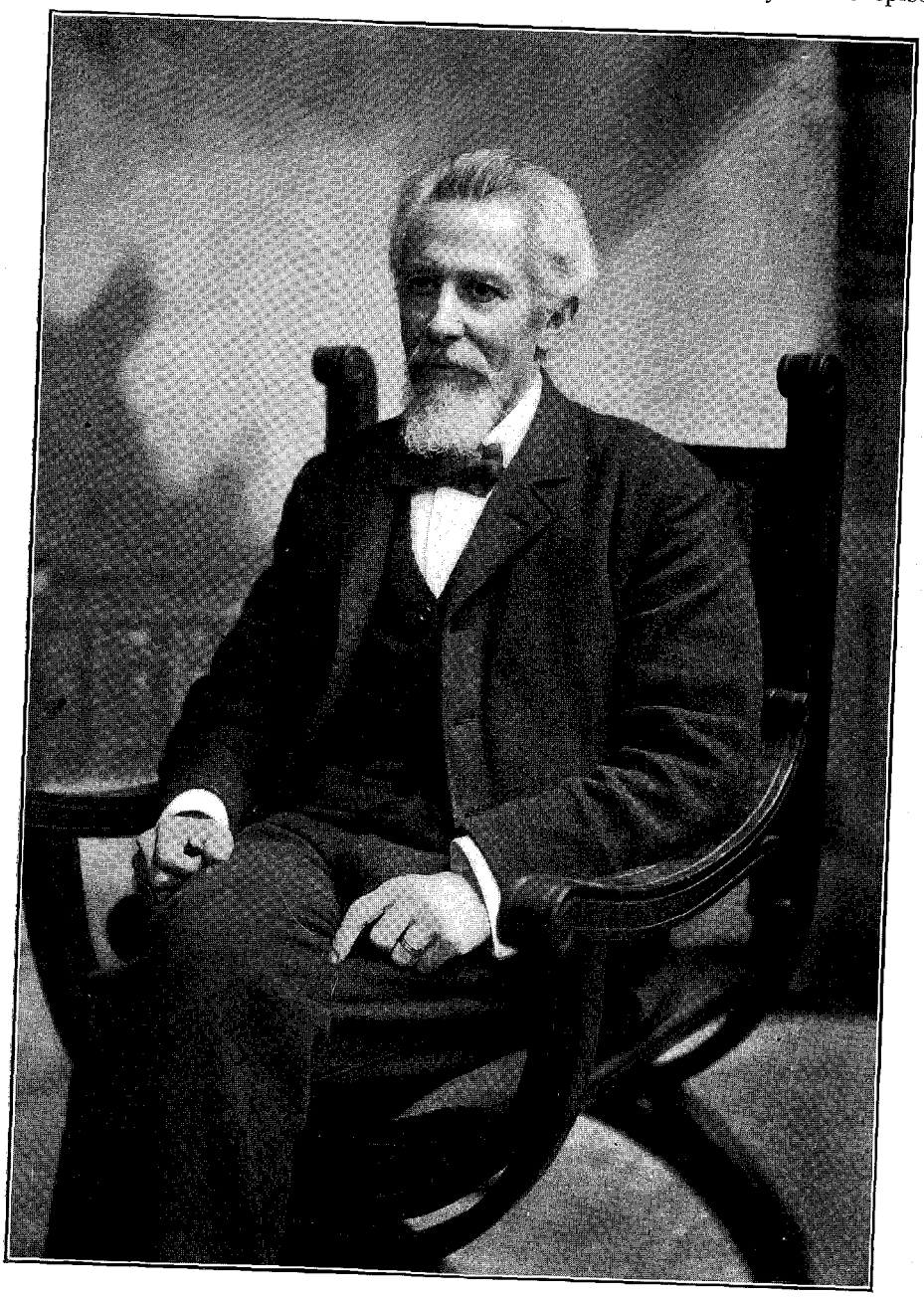
it a dozen times, and each time it seemed to grow worse. Knowing that if I continued to rewrite it I should eventually burn it up, I packed it up and sent it to the McClures, never expecting to see it again, because I sent it by mail without return postage. Two weeks later I was informed of its acceptance, and I knew that I was committed to hard labour for life." Hillars, the broken-down journalist of the story, was an actual character. He died in reality almost as he died in romance, only it was a card-sharper—a German card-sharper—who killed him. The Princess Hildegarde was a vague, composite portrait of the sister of the King of Belgium and the niece of the late King Humbert of Italy. The episodes,



PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN.

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however, were purely imaginary. In regard to his methods of work, Mr. MacGrath says: "I use the celebrated midnight oil—a gallon a week; and many a pound of tobacco goes with the oil. During the day I invent jests and jingles, scribble book reviews and paragraphs. Night-time is the only time I am free to the wiles of inspiration—such as I have. I begin after dinner, and often the lamplight melts in the light of day. The following night I tear up what I have written and rewrite it. In fact, I am never satisfied with anything I write; but this gives me the hope that, never being satisfied, I shall never write anything very bad." Mr. MacGrath is now finishing an historical romance. The scenes are laid about Syracuse in the middle of the seventeenth century, at the time when the Jesuits erected one of their missions.

Professor Dowden.

Professor Edward Dowden, whose portrait we herewith present, was born at Cork, May 3, 1843. He was educated by private tutors and at Dublin University, in which he was appointed Professor of English Literature in 1867. He was Clark Lecturer in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, from 1893 to 1896, and is trustee of the National Library of Ireland, president of the English Goethe Society and a commissioner of National Education in Ireland. His present wife, whom he married in 1895, is a daughter of the Very Rev. John West, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. Professor Dowden's most successful book, *Shakespeare: His Mind and Art,* was published in 1875; and, despite its many competitors, still holds the field and sells steadily. His *Studies in Literature* (1872) contains several fine critical essays, and in *Transcripts and Studies* (1888) the paper on Victorian Literature is one of the most illuminative studies of a period written by a contemporary critic. His *Life of Shelley* (1886), though rather roughly handled by Matthew Arnold, is the standard authority. In 1896 he delivered a series of lectures on "The French Revolution and English Literature" in connection with the sesquicentennial celebration of Princeton University. He was very popular in America, and speaks warmly of his reception in this country.

Cardigan, which began running serially in the pages of *Harper's Weekly* last month, is the first of a series of four novels which Mr. Robert W. Chambers proposes to write. Each of these books will be complete in itself, but in the four the author aims to give a history in fiction of the American Revolution. The scene of the opening chapters of *Cardigan* is laid at the home of one Sir William Johnson in western New York in the early part of 1774. Later the action moves eastward, and the book ends with a description of the Concord fight in 1775.

Mrs. Stepney Rawson, whose novel *A Lady of the Regency,* after scoring a distinct success in England, has just been published in this country, served a long apprenticeship in the writing of short stories for magazines before she attempted a long work of fiction. Mrs. Rawson has for years been a versatile journalist on the leading English women's newspapers, and has done special writing in almost every department. *A Lady of the Regency* was begun at the instigation of Mr. W. H. Wilkins, of the English firm of publishers through which the book subsequently appeared in that country. It was he who suggested to her the period of the Regency as a comparatively unworked theme in English history. Mrs. Rawson is now at work on another novel, which, however, will not be ready for publication for some time. She devoted two years to the writing of her first book.

Mr. Morgan Bates.

The third of the American novel series that is being published by the Messrs. Harper is *Martin Brook,* by Mr. Morgan Bates. The story deals with the Abolitionist movement in the North in the years just before the War of Secession. It is based upon the diary of a man who lived during that period, and one of the most extraordinary episodes is based on actual fact. Mr. Bates is a native of New York State, but he has lived for many years in the middle West, principally in Chicago. He is a successful playwright and journalist, and has held the position of editor on several Western papers. His present home is in Traverse City, Michigan. *Martin Brook* is his first novel.

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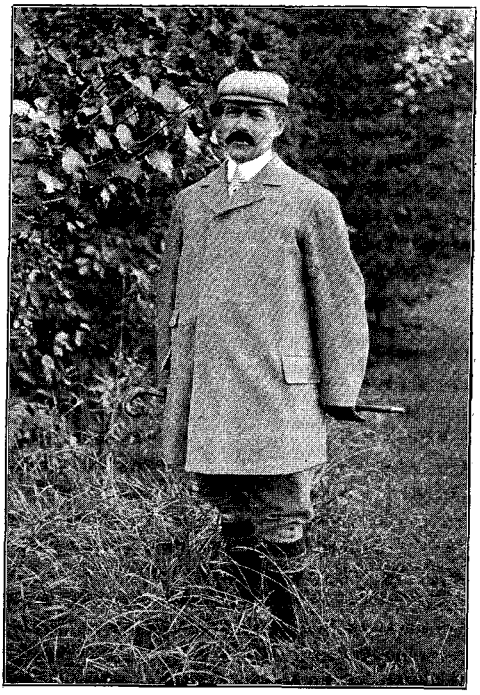
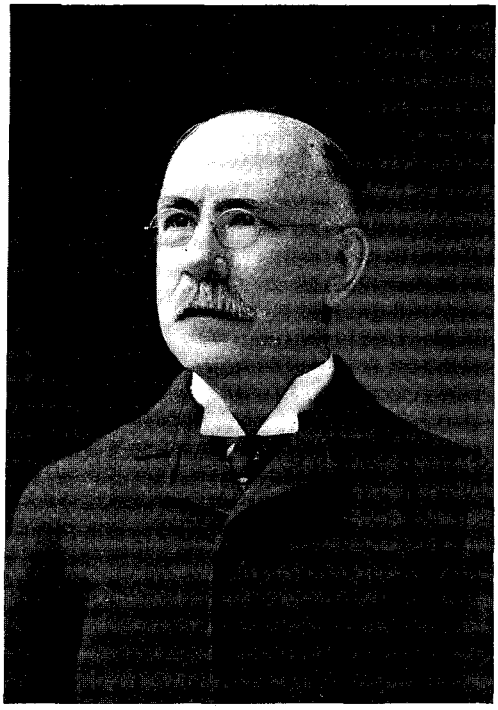


ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.



MORGAN BATES.

MISS CONSTANT LOUNSBERY.

MRS. STEPNEY RAWSON.

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MRS. WHARTON.

Photo by Miss Ben Yusuf.

Miss Constant Lounsbery.

Miss G. Constant Lounsbery, whose volume of poems, *An Iseult Idyll and Others,* was recently published by Mr. John Lane, is a young writer of whom we may at some time hear a good deal. Miss Lounsbery was a student at Bryn Mawr, and was graduated with distinction in the class of '97. On leaving college it was her first intention to study medicine, and with this purpose she entered Johns Hopkins University, where she remained during two years. At the end of that period various reasons induced her to alter her plans. From the university she went abroad and travelled widely. Returning to New York about a year ago, she began writing, and *An Iseult Idyll* and other poems are the completed result. The collection comprises twenty odd poems of unequal ambition and merit. Miss Lounsbery has also written a drama in blank verse, which will probably appear in book form at some time during the year.

We present herewith the latest photograph of Mrs. Edith Wharton.

Owen Johnson.

Mr. Owen Johnson, whose first novel, *Arrows of the Almighty,* is soon to appear from the press of the Macmillan Company, is the son of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, the associate editor of the *Century Magazine.* This novel is the first serious work he has undertaken, excepting contributions to the *Yale Literary Magazine,* of which he was chairman for the class of 1900. The opening scenes of the story are laid in Maryland, chiefly on the eastern shore, in antebellum days; the narrative then shifts to Cleveland about the time of the breaking out of the Civil War, returning to Baltimore, where the hero, John Gaunt, is stationed as an officer of the Commissary Department. His defence of the interests of the Government against the rascality of contractors is a leading motive of the story, and one which, it is believed, has not before been utilised in fiction. The closing scenes take place in New York City.

Arrangements are being made for the publication of a book by Captain Dreyfus on his memorable experiences. It will be produced under the supervision of his

OWEN JOHNSON.

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brother-in-law, M. Hudamard, and will extend to about three hundred and fifty pages of the ordinary size. Captain Dreyfus's contribution is the story of his imprisonment in Devil's Island. The narrative is of the highest interest, full of facts and entirely new. No use has hitherto been made of Captain Dreyfus's letters to his wife.

We present herewith photographs of Petrarch's home at Vaucluse, near Avignon, which is associated not only with the poet's own life, but also with that Laura who was the theme and the inspiration of the *canzoniere*. Petrarch and Laura met for the first time in the spring of 1327. Who Laura was remains a matter of controversy, and there has even

VIEW OF VAUCLUSE AND THE CASTLE OF PETRARCH AND LAURA.

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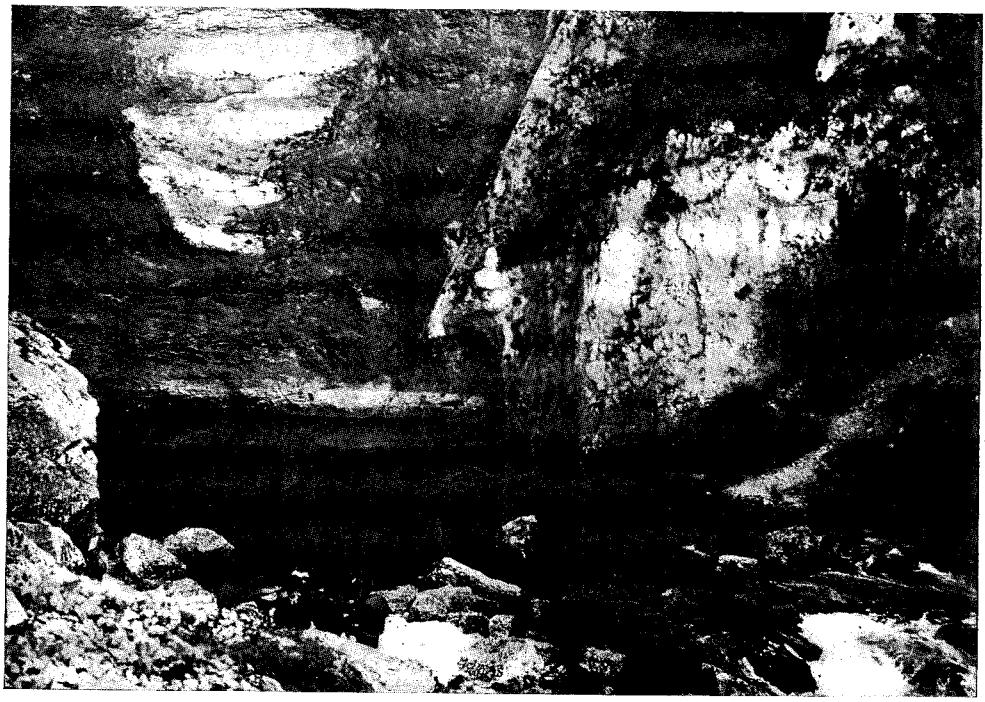
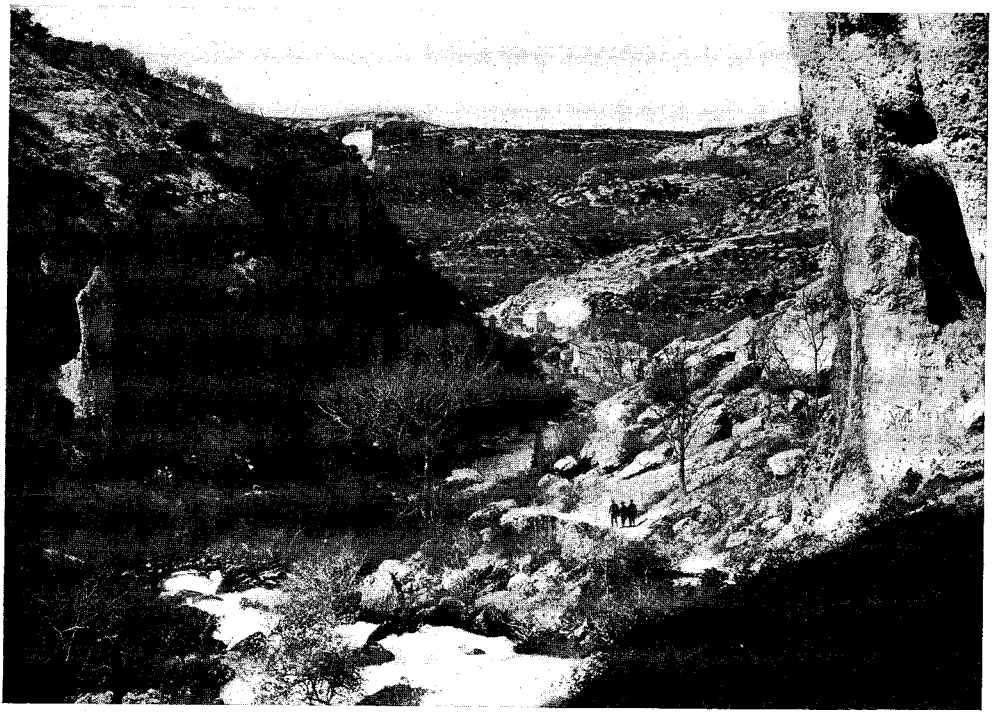


THE FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE.



VAUCLUSE, LOOKING FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

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been advanced the sceptical theory that she was merely a figment of the poet's fancy. The hypothesis, however, is generally discredited. Of the pair Byron wrote in a characteristically cynical couplet:

Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?

❧

William M. Evarts.

The late William Maxwell Evarts will probably be remembered longest as a lawyer of great eminence, although he played no unimportant part as a statesman. Nevertheless, it was through his legal abilities that he achieved the statesman's ends. The climax of his career came with his defence of President Johnson before the Senate of the United States, sitting as a High Court of Impeachment; and it is in his address before this body that he can best be judged, not only as a great constitutional lawyer, but as a statesman and as an orator. Mr. Evarts was of a purely intellectual type, and his eloquence was so closely linked with reason and logic as to make him best fitted to appeal not to the masses, but to picked bodies of exceptional men. He never descended to purely emotional oratory, but his utterances were always upon a high plane of thought; and when feeling entered into them, it was not a personal feeling, but one that was stirred in him by the contemplation of great principles, of great causes and of momentous consequences. From this standpoint his eloquence was of a very high order; and we recommend every one to read the peroration of the remarkable address to which we have just alluded; since in it clear thinking, unerring logic and elevated thought are compacted together and made effective by a touch of what may be called statesmanlike imagination.

❧

In private life Mr. Evarts, as everybody knows, was a charming companion and one whose conversation was enlivened and pointed by native wit. At least two of his *bon mots* have become classic—one contained in his reply to the British Minister who doubted the story that Washington had thrown a silver dollar across the Potomac, which drew from Mr. Evarts the remark that "money went much further in those days;" and the other his delicious description of a social function at the White House under the Hayes *régime, à propos* of which Mr. Evarts observed that "the water flowed like champagne."

❧

"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith is usually regarded as a gentleman of varied information, good judgment and sweet reasonableness; but such a reputation will not survive his remarks on *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* which he is industriously repeating in various parts of the country as part of a popular lecture on something or other. Mr. Smith discusses this famous work in a way which makes one feel almost certain that he has never read it, or else that he read it many years ago, when the feelings engendered by the Civil War were still in the ascendant. Mr. Smith says that the book did infinite harm in that it helped to bring on the war; that it gives a wholly one-sided picture of Southern life; and that it is bitter, venomous and unjust. Now, there is no doubt that the book did contribute something toward precipitating the clash between the North and the South; but this clash was absolutely inevitable, as every impartial student of those times now clearly sees. In the second place, the power of the book to do what it did came from its essential truth. As to its injustice, we don't see how that charge can be maintained. The book gives some of the most pleasing pictures that have ever been drawn of slavery as a patriarchal system; and the bright side of the "peculiar institution" has never been set forth half so attractively as it was set forth by Mrs. Stowe, who had herself lived in slave-holding families, with whose members she maintained a sincere and lasting friendship. If she painted also the dark side with extraordinary vividness, it was simply because the dark side did exist and because it was in every way appalling. Mr. Smith should remember that Mrs. Stowe published an appendix to her novel, citing many instances from real life to justify every episode of the book. It is rather late at the present time to discuss the question of slavery; and we should think that even Mr. Smith might see that a book which did something toward blotting out a

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cause of never-ending national dissension deserves the warmest praise from every American who has lived to see the Republic united and made forever indivisible.

Albert Bigelow Paine's "The Bread Line."

A book which should be enjoyed by every one who has had anything to do with the starting or the maintaining of a newspaper or a magazine, and which may be recommended very strongly to every one who has in mind the idea of starting a publication of any kind, is Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine's *The Bread Line*. It is the story of the attempt of four Bohemians, two writers and two artists, to establish a weekly paper, which in the book is known as *The Whole Family*. The four have knocked about a good deal in the literary life of New York, their daily work has brought them into contact with publishers and editors, and they have evolved a scheme for a weekly which they believe will result in popularity and financial success. This scheme is broached the first time as the four are sitting round a table in a restaurant not far from Washington Square. It is New Year's Eve. Barrifield, one of the two writers, unfolds the idea, pointing out its novelty and arguing its certainty of success. Just before midnight they leave the dinner table, and in high spirits cross to Broadway and move northward toward Grace Church. At Tenth Street they

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

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stop to watch that spectacle with which no New Yorker should be unfamiliar—the Bread Line—that line of waiting, hungry men, each of whom receives every night at twelve o'clock a cup of coffee and a loaf of bread. This is the logical beginning of the story. Its logical end comes a year later, when, having lost everything in the venture on which they had builded such golden hopes, they find each other waiting on the same corner, driven there by hunger and waiting their turns.

"The Bread Line's" Real People.

No less interesting than the story itself is the story of how *The Bread Line* came to be written. Even in many of the minor details it is all "really true." The four men to whom the book introduces us are Barrifield and Perny, the writers; and Van Born and Livingstone, the artists. The initial letter of each name gives the clue to the real originals. Barrifield is Irving Bacheller; Perny is Albert Bigelow Paine; Van Born and Livingstone are respectively Frank Verbeck and Orson Lowell. The stout middle-aged man named Capers, who describes to Perny the art of transforming an autumn poem into a Christmas poem, and of changing "the golden rod like a plumed warder closing the gates of summer" of September, to the "chrysanthemum, a royal goddess at the gates of fall" of November, is Mr. R. K. Munkittrick, one of the brightest and most amiable of our lighter poets. The original of Bates, the dissolute advertising man, also, it is said, has a real existence that in *The Bread Line* is faithfully portrayed. Frisbie, whose success with *The Voice of Light* is the foundation of Barrifield's scheme, is also a real personage, who was at one time the proprietor of a religious weekly and who has since launched and disposed of a publication which is to be found on most of the news-stands of the country. In connection with the correspondence between Mr. Truman Livingstone and Miss Dorothy Castle and their subsequent marriage, it may be said that there was a real "Dorothy" and that there is now a Mrs. Lowell.

The story of the foundation of *The Whole Family* is practically the story of the foundation and failure of *Youth and Home*, a Weekly Paper for the Whole Family, of which the first issue bears the date November 6, 1897. The publication offices of *Youth and Home* were at 127 Fifth Avenue. That commercial training upon which was based Perny's selection as the editor of *The Whole Family* was experienced by Mr. Paine in Kansas before he came to New York in 1895. His first literary venture was a story which was accepted by *Harper's Weekly* during the editorship of Mr. Richard Harding Davis. In 1896 Mr. Paine, with Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, Mr. R. K. Munkittrick, and some others, started a literary syndicate. But it was campaign year, and in consequence the enterprise suffered and eventually ended in failure. After that, the future author of *The Bread Line* became a free lance, writing for this publication and that, until his present association with the *St. Nicholas Magazine* began.

Ancestors in Fiction Again.

In connection with the Chronicle in the March number on the subject of Mr. Neil Munro's *Doom Castle* and the protest of Sir James Fergusson against the author's description of his ancestor, Lord Kilkerran, we recall a very famous, similar case in the life of the French writer Villiers de l'Isle Adam, and the decision of the French Court before which the case came up for trial. One evening in the winter of 1876 Villiers de l'Isle Adam was passing by the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris, and noticed that the play to be given that night was *Perrinet Leclerc*, an historical drama in five acts, by Messieurs Locroy and Anicet Bourgeois. Occupying in the advertisement a line by itself was the name of his own illustrious ancestor, the Marshal Jean de Villiers de l'Isle Adam. Now, this Jean was an historical figure of the fifteenth century, who had performed great services in the wars against the English. Nevertheless, the sight of the name roused the indignant curiosity of his descendant, who rushed into the theatre and witnessed the play from a box. The authors of the drama represented the Marshal de l'Isle Adam as a disloyal nobleman and an abominable traitor—traitor, not in favour of the Duke of Burgundy, but traitor to his own country, to his poor mad king, delivering both over to the English power, and aid-

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ing Henry V. to place upon his own head the crown torn from that of the rightful sovereign.

Now, all this was absolutely contrary to the truth. Jean de l'Isle Adam, the friend and right-hand man of the Duke of Burgundy, was, it is true, the most ardent partisan of John the Bold, and took possession of Paris in his name. As to the English, Jean refused the splendid offers of Henry V., who cast him into the Bastille, whence he emerged only after that prince's death. Thenceforward he warred ceaselessly against the English, from whom he captured Pontoise in 1435. For the real historical facts of the case, however, the authors of *Perrinet Leclerc* seemed to have little regard. For the purposes of their melodrama they wanted a traitor, and they picked out Villiers de l'Isle Adam, without dreaming that there would appear five hundred years after the fulfilment of the events they were putting on the stage a descendant to take up arms in defence of an outraged ancestor. Villiers de l'Isle Adam began his campaign the morning after the play by a brilliant and blasting letter, appearing in several Paris newspapers, in which he set forth the historical facts of the case and announced his intentions of appealing to the law. The authors of the drama, being themselves dead, the suit was brought against their heirs.

In answer the defendants asked the tribunal to rule that the plaintiff's plea was inadmissible: firstly, because he offered no proof of his boasted direct descent from the illustrious house of Villiers de l'Isle Adam; secondly, because the chronicles of the time, and notably that of the monk of St. Denis, authorised the writers of *Perrinet Leclerc* in presenting the conduct of the Marshal de l'Isle Adam during the civil wars of the reign of Charles VI. in an unfavourable light; thirdly, because the said Marshal de l'Isle Adam, being an historical personage, any writer might criticise or praise him, according to conscience or personal feeling, without being liable to any action on that score. When the battle was at its height, matters were complicated by the appearance of an alleged descendant of the Marshal, a young French army officer, who, believing the plaintiff to be merely an adventurer, who had picked up out of history a name which he believed to be extinct, wrote a letter to the Paris papers, in which he branded Villiers de l'Isle Adam as an impostor. The result of this was a challenge, which was promptly accepted. One of the seconds showed to the young officer certain genealogical documents, which proved to him that it was he, and not the plaintiff, who had no right to the use of the name, and the result was a very courteous and prompt apology. The trial itself ended with the refusal by the tribunal of the plaintiff's appeal on the ground that, as the Marshal was historical property, every author had a right to show him in whatever light suited him best.

The Burt Engravings.

A few years ago, just after the death of the artist, the collection of Mr. Charles Burt was exhibited at the Grolier Club in this city. It was a notable representation of the work that comes under the burin of the steel engraver in the course of a lifetime. The value of it to the public in an educational sense was recognised at that time, but no appreciable effort was made to procure it for a museum, although Mr. Samuel P. Avery offered to be one of a number to subscribe for its purchase. Lately the interest in it has taken a more active tendency, and it is announced that at least one-third of the necessary amount for its purchase has been subscribed, and that it is to become the property by public gift of the New York Public Library. The collection embraces some three hundred portraits, all of them of the contemporary celebrities of the past half century in this and other countries. Some of these portraits are of peculiar and unique interest; a profile head of Grant seems an odd likeness of the great general, for it is, perhaps, the only profile extant that has been publicly used. There is a head of Mary Anderson, several unfamiliar ones of the late Queen Victoria, a characteristic one of the Duke of Wellington, and statesmen, poets and public characters without number. Besides these portraits, there are etchings, designs of quite a hundred varied subjects and forty original drawings, the work of Mr. Burt. Altogether, they represent a quaint pictorial pageant of the familiar receding century that is of individual and national interest.

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SCENE FROM THE "MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."—FROM THE BURT COLLECTION.

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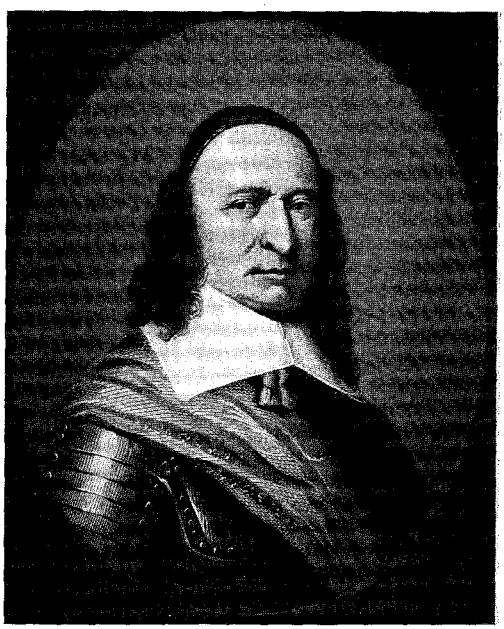
COLUMBIA.

They are the more valuable, because the burin has given way to the more mechanical processes of photographic reproduction.

Mr. Charles Burt was a native of Scotland, and learned his trade of engraver in that country. He was a pupil of the celebrated painter and engraver, William Holme Lizars. Mr. Burt taught etching to Professor John Wilson ("Christopher North") in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*. In his young manhood Mr. Burt came to this country, and rapidly rose to eminence in his profession. For many years he was the chief engraver for this Government in the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and at the time of his death had for many years been considered the master of line engraving in this country. He was greatly interested in art—in all art—and numbered many friends among the artists of his day. As far back as 1860 he was instrumental in getting up an exhibition of etchings and engravings, which was the first exhibition of its kind ever held in this country. He was at that time the president of the Graham Art School of Brooklyn, and keenly interested in the broadening of art intelligence. His career, although identified with the United States—and he chose to have it so identified—was none the less extended by his services to other countries; Italy, Russia, Brazil, Chili, Canada and other governments solicited his services, and he did official work for all of them. In the intimate circle of friendship the character which shows in his clean line and sure and delicate handling of his work was of touching significance. It goes far to prove that as a man is his art is, and in that respect the art and the man may be set forth by a paragraph in a letter from Mary Hallock Foote, who was a girlhood friend of Mr. Burt's daughters. "I would like," she writes, concerning material for an article regarding her own work, "if I can send you this drawing, to have it mentioned that it belonged to 'the late Charles Burt, the distinguished steel engraver,' who was a warm friend and a sincere critic of my early work. He was a lovely man, stern and sweet as a Scotchman and a real artist can be. His daughters are my contemporaries. The character of Dunsmuir in my *Chosen Valley* I probably owe to Mr. Burt."

The Late Maurice Thompson.

In the March number we noted the death of Mr. Maurice Thompson, which took place at his home in Crawfordsville, Friday morning, February 15. Mr. Thompson was born in the little town of Fairfield,



PETER STUYVESANT.

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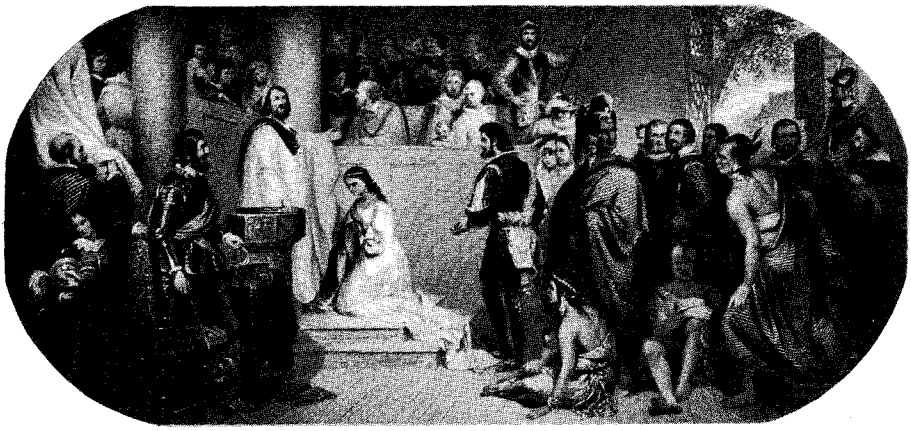

FROM THE BURT COLLECTION.

Franklin County, Indiana, September 9, 1844. When he was a child his parents moved to Kentucky, and later to Calhoun, Georgia, in the hill country between Atlanta and Chattanooga. It was there that the boy grew up, acquiring a love of nature, passing most of his days in hunting and in fishing. At the outbreak of the War of Secession the Thompsons espoused the cause of the Confederacy, and Maurice entered the Southern army in 1862. He was employed as a scout most of the time until his command was finally surrendered at Kingston, Georgia, in 1864. The end of the war left the Thompsons practically ruined, and Maurice took up civil engineering; became chief engineer of the L. C. & S. W. R. R., and ran the first line of that road from Frankfort to Kokomo, and thence to Lima, Ohio. It was while working at civil engineering that he met, in Crawfordsville, Indiana, Alice Lee, who afterward became Mrs. Thompson.

After his marriage Mr. Thompson gave up civil engineering and established himself in Crawfordsville in the practice of the law. His career was singularly active in many ways. In 1878 he was a member of the Indiana Legislature; in 1888 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention of St. Louis. From 1885 to 1889 he was State Geologist of Indiana, and was chief of the Department of Natural Science in the State. He began writing for publication in 1873. Before this time he had written some—a book of poems, *Hoosier Mosaics,* then *Sylvan Secrets* and *Bird Notes. The Witchery of Archery* was written in 1887, and his first novel, *A Tallahassee Girl,* in 1881. His other works were *Stories of the Cherokee Hills, Ethics of Literary Art, Toxophilus in Arcadia, His Second Campaign, At Love's Extremes, A Fortnight of Folly, The Ocala Boy, The King of Honey Island, Songs of Fair Weather, Byways and Bards' Notes, The Story of Louisiana, My Winter Garden* and *Alice of Old Vincennes.*

Edward Bellamy's *The Duke of Stockbridge,* which Messrs. Silver, Burdett and Company publish, is winning its natural success and many favourable reviews. In Mr. W. D. Howells's tremendous arraignment of modern romantic novels in the *North American Review* for December, 1900, he makes exception of three historical romances as sound and genuine; one of these is Tolstoy's *War and Peace* and another is *The Duke of Stockbridge.* It is with that squalid period immediately following the Revolution that this admirable book concerns itself. Economically, it represents that terrible time when the depreciated Continental currency make the hard-working poor the easy prey of the gentleman class—the lawyers, doctors, shopkeepers, preachers and schoolmasters—all through New England, and the loathsome jails were choked with imprisoned debtors; when the poor hated the rich as never before or since in our country, and the rich ground the faces of the poor with a secure conviction of their right to do so

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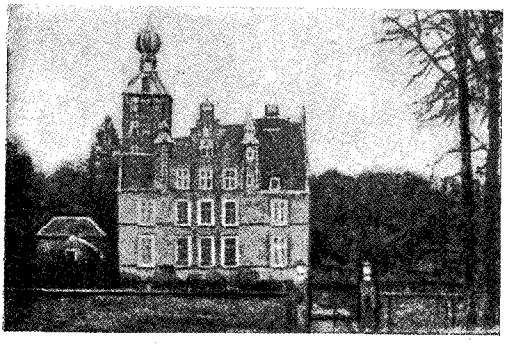

THE CHÂTEAU OF ZUYLESTEIN.

that very few millionaires now enjoy. Politically, it celebrates a phase of Shays's Rebellion which was foredoomed to failure, and has been easily handed down to obloquy, but which is here shown as grounded in such suffering as few people have tamely undergone. On the personal side the story is intensely vivid, and its characters live with the life that is our nature to-day, and make it truly historical by their truth to themselves and to us. More than ever, in reading the story, one realises how great a loss his death was not to humanity only, but to the humanities; how infinitely beyond all our other historical romancers his fine imagination would have carried him in fiction.

The Late Don Ramon de Campoamor.

In the death of the poet Don Ramon de Campoamor, in his eighty-fourth year, literary Spain has suffered a considerable loss. He was brought up in early youth amid the "Sierras" of Asturia, a province generally spoken of as "the Highlands of Spain," and their influence is felt in his verse. It was the pure breath of his native mountains that fortified him when he settled at Madrid. Philosopher and statesman though he was, it is in his poetry, in his *Doloras* and his little poems (*pequeños poemas*) that his biography is written. He took part in no less than three literary revolutionary movements, but his individuality knew no change. In his *Doloras* there is an undercurrent of philosophy—the philosophy of one who knows the world and has explored the depths of the human heart. The profound is curiously mingled with the superficial, the sentimental with the brusque. It was written at various epochs of the poet's life, and there is nothing quite like it in Spanish nor in any other literature. Campoamor laughs at humanity, but the laugh is never bitter, like that of Don Juan. His first poems were published in 1840. In 1853 he published an epic poem, *Colon,* and he was also the author of books on metaphysics and philosophy. Campoamor acquired fame as a politician, and had been a Minister of the Crown. He was married to an Irish lady, a Miss O'Gorman, and his domestic life was peculiarly happy.

The Château de Zuylestein, which is here reproduced, was till recently the residence of Mr. Van den Poorten Schwartz, the eminent novelist, who, as "Maarten Maartens," is known alike in Europe and America. Mr. Poorten Schwartz has recently moved, and is building a new house a few miles away. The château is of great historical interest, and is associated with William of Orange.

Bret Harte's Colonel Starbottle.

A very pathetic literary episode was Mr. Bret Harte's revival of Colonel Starbottle in a story entitled "Colonel Starbottle for the Plaintiff," which appeared in a recent number of *Harper's Magazine.* That the tale itself was comparatively commonplace, when we think of the earlier stories dealing with the same character, is merely a detail; the real significance lies in the fact that the Colonel Starbottle who won for his client her suit for breach of promise was not in the least like the inimitable "Star" of other days. There was, of course, all the points of a superficial resemblance. The colonel's blue frock coat was there, and his immaculate shirt frill, and his old-time fondness for forensic platitude. There were lugged into the tale several of the catch phrases and exaggerated anecdotes of other days, but there it ended; and even the most careless and idle of readers must have felt that it was not Colonel Starbottle at all.

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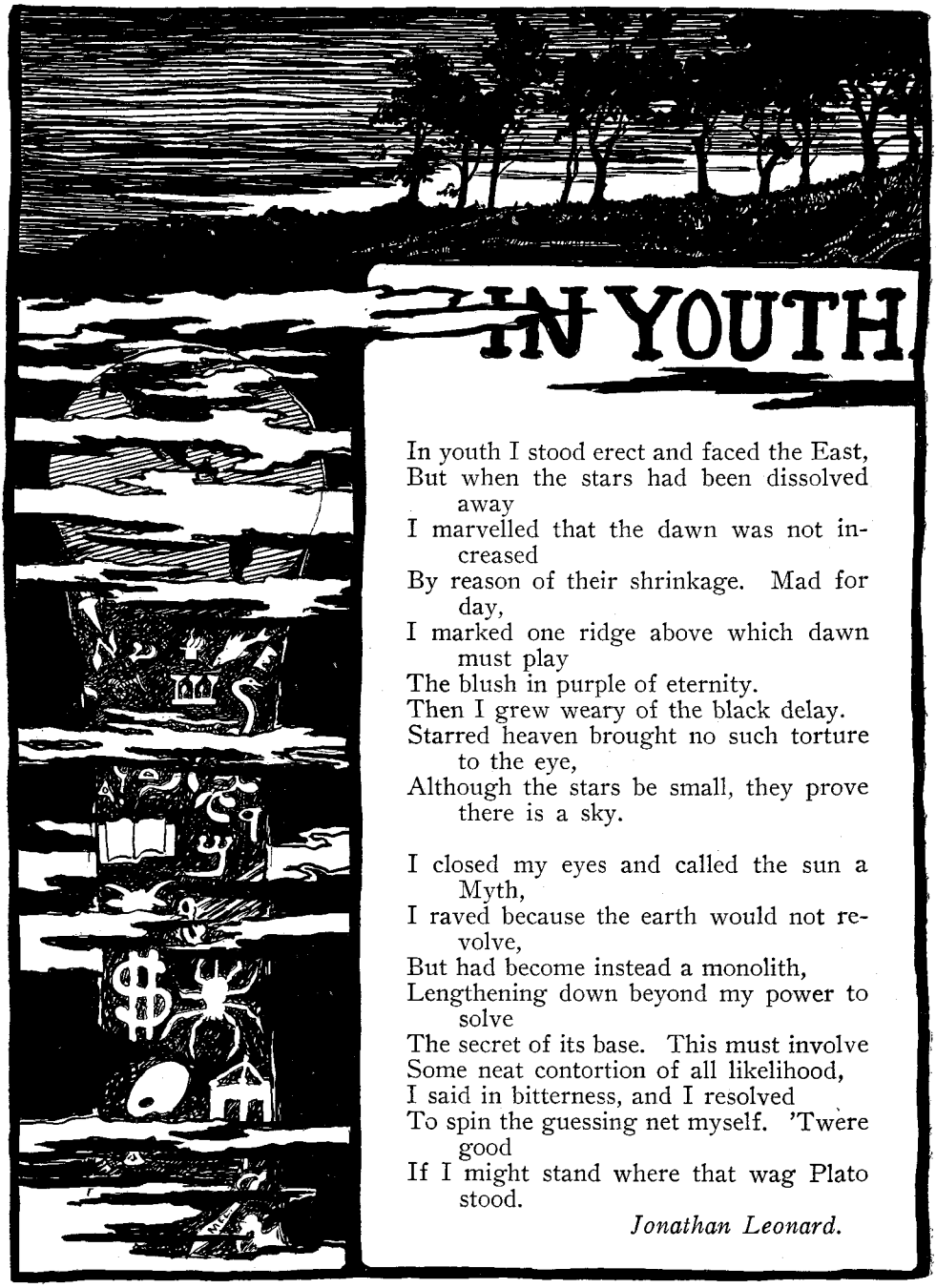

IN YOUTH

In youth I stood erect and faced the East,
But when the stars had been dissolved away
I marvelled that the dawn was not increased
By reason of their shrinkage. Mad for day,
I marked one ridge above which dawn must play
The blush in purple of eternity.
Then I grew weary of the black delay.
Starred heaven brought no such torture to the eye,
Although the stars be small, they prove there is a sky.

I closed my eyes and called the sun a Myth,
I raved because the earth would not revolve,
But had become instead a monolith,
Lengthening down beyond my power to solve
The secret of its base. This must involve
Some neat contortion of all likelihood,
I said in bitterness, and I resolved
To spin the guessing net myself. 'Twere good
If I might stand where that wag Plato stood.

Jonathan Leonard.

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ANTHONY TROLLOPE*

Whatever else may be said or written concerning Anthony Trollope, one thing at least must be conceded—that of all the writers of English fiction he is the most typically English. A famous passage written by Nathaniel Hawthorne in 1860, while Trollope's reputation was still purely British, has been often quoted, because it gives in the fewest possible words the truest estimate of Trollope's literary work. Trollope himself in his *Autobiography* has cited it, and it may well be repeated here:

> Have you ever read the novels of Anthony Trollope? They precisely suit my taste—solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all the inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were being made a show of. And these books are just as English as a beefsteak. It needs an English residence to make them thoroughly comprehensible; but still I think that human nature would give them success anywhere.

This marvellously apt and felicitously worded piece of criticism contains two points that are essential to a thorough understanding of Anthony Trollope and of his place in the history of English letters. First of all, it makes clear the intensely national character of his realism; and, in the second place, it recognises the fact that his art can give us something broader and deeper than what is purely national, since it is an art which finds its ultimate source in a profound and comprehensive knowledge of humanity.

In order to appreciate and explain the enduring excellence of Trollope's finest work, one must know something of the man himself, of his training, of his life, of his surroundings, and more especially of his own character and temperament. There is, indeed, a striking contrast to be found between the man as others knew him in the casual intercourse of daily life, and the inner man as he revealed himself in that curiously frank, and at times pathetic, series of confessions which was given to the public only after his death. The man, in external things, was largely the creation of his environment. He was a bluff, self-assertive, dogmatic, thoroughly aggressive Englishman, brusque, burly, money-loving, and singularly matter-of-fact, so that even among his own countrymen and the men of his own set he was never generally popular. The man who dwelt within, however, and whom only his most cherished intimates ever really knew, was genial, tender-hearted, kindly, and, more than that, intensely sensitive to all the pain and all the pathos of human life. Both sides of his nature are felt in what he wrote, and both were necessary to his greatness as an author. He had power and force; he had humour and a rich vein of wholesome English fun; he had insight into character and motive; and, finally, he had a wide and accurate first-hand knowledge of men and women, gained from the circumstances of his various vocations.

Anthony Trollope was born in London in the year 1815. His father was a gentleman, a scholar, a former Oxford man, and, at the time of Trollope's birth, a Chancery barrister of much ability in his profession, but one from whom fortune had withheld the successful temperament. Born to a small fortune, he muddled it away; trained to a learned profession, he offended and repelled his clients by his execrable temper. By the time that young Anthony was old enough to enter upon the period of his education, the elder Trollope had been forced to give up his London home and to take shelter in a wretched farmhouse on land which is accurately described for us in *Orley Farm*. The mother of the future novelist was a clever, jovial, coarse-grained woman, with a natural gift for writing and with no mean powers of observation—powers which are shown in her most unfair yet eminently readable account of the domestic manners of the Americans, and in a number of novels which, though hastily and superficially composed, enjoyed a certain temporary vogue. When Anthony was of an age to be sent to school his mother had not yet begun to write, and the fortunes of the family were

*This paper forms the introduction to the Royal Edition of Anthony Trollope's novels, published by the Gebbie Company of Philadelphia, by whose courteous permission it is here reprinted with some slight additions.

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at their lowest ebb. He was sent to Harrow, where he passed three most unhappy years, and where he left a reputation for slovenliness of person and invincible dulness of mind. This reputation was not redeemed at a private school to which he was transferred, nor at Winchester College, where the poverty of his parents made him contemptible not only in the eyes of his fellows, but in those of his masters also. Big, ugly, and uncouth, he skulked about the place, feeling himself to be despised, ill-dressed, and dirty; and ere he left he had acquired a conviction that his life was destined to be an utter failure. The story of his next few years forms painful reading; for it is a story of hopeless effort, of unrelieved dejection, of indignities, of failure. He tried to study, but for study he appears to have had no aptitude. He tried to teach, but he had neither knowledge nor self-confidence. He endeavoured twice to win a sizarship at Cambridge and again at Oxford, but failed ignominiously in both attempts; so that he gave up once for all the notion of a university career. It was at this period that a gleam of light appeared, almost for the first time in his life. His mother's book of travels in America having succeeded with the public, so that within a few months she received from her publishers the sum of £800, the family's pecuniary difficulties were somewhat lightened; yet none the less there was illness and there were debts, and finally there was death; and in the end it became necessary for Anthony Trollope to choose a definite career. The singular offer was made to him of a commission in an Austrian cavalry regiment, and he actually set about the study of the German language, so that he might be qualified for this command; but at the end of six weeks he had another offer of a very different character, and immediately accepted a clerkship in the General Post Office, with which branch of the public service he remained connected until 1867—a period of more than thirty years.

During seven of these years he held the office of a junior clerk, with an income which began at £90 a year and slowly rose to £140. These seven years, at first sight, seem almost a continuation of what had gone before. Trollope was always in debt, he was almost always in trouble, his superiors disapproved of him, his companions led him into card-playing which he could ill afford, and into the drinking of much whiskey and water, and the consumption of much tobacco. He had trouble with money-lenders, and especially did he have trouble with a certain young woman, whose mother once appeared in the middle of the office demanding of Trollope in a loud voice when he was going to marry her daughter. Nevertheless, there was another side to this life of his which must not be overlooked. He made some friends who were not only an inspiration to him, but who in their own homes gave him a saving glimpse of what was good and wholesome. Partly through their influence and partly from that gradual development of taste which comes slowly to men like Trollope, he began to read; and even in those days it occurred to him that he might at some time write a novel. Though he studied little in a systematic way, he taught himself to translate both French and Latin, he came to know Horace from beginning to end, and he eagerly absorbed whatever was finest in English poetry. His imagination had now begun to stir within him, and the form in which it was first manifested is described by him in an interesting passage:

> Study was not my bent, and I could not please myself by being all idle. Thus it came to pass that I was always going about with some castle in the air firmly built within my mind. For weeks, for months, if I remember rightly, from year to year, I would carry on the same tale, binding myself down to certain laws, to certain proportions, and proprieties, and unities. Nothing impossible was ever introduced—nor even anything which from outward circumstances would seem to be violently improbable. I myself was, of course, my own hero. Such is a necessity of castle-building. But I never became a king or a duke. I never was a learned man, nor even a philosopher. But I was a very clever person, and beautiful. Young women used to be fond of me. . . . There can, I imagine, hardly be a more dangerous mental practice; but I have often doubted whether, had it not been my practice, I should ever have written a novel. I learned in this way to maintain an interest in a fictitious story, to dwell on a work created by my own imagination, and to live in a world altogether outside the world of my own material life. In

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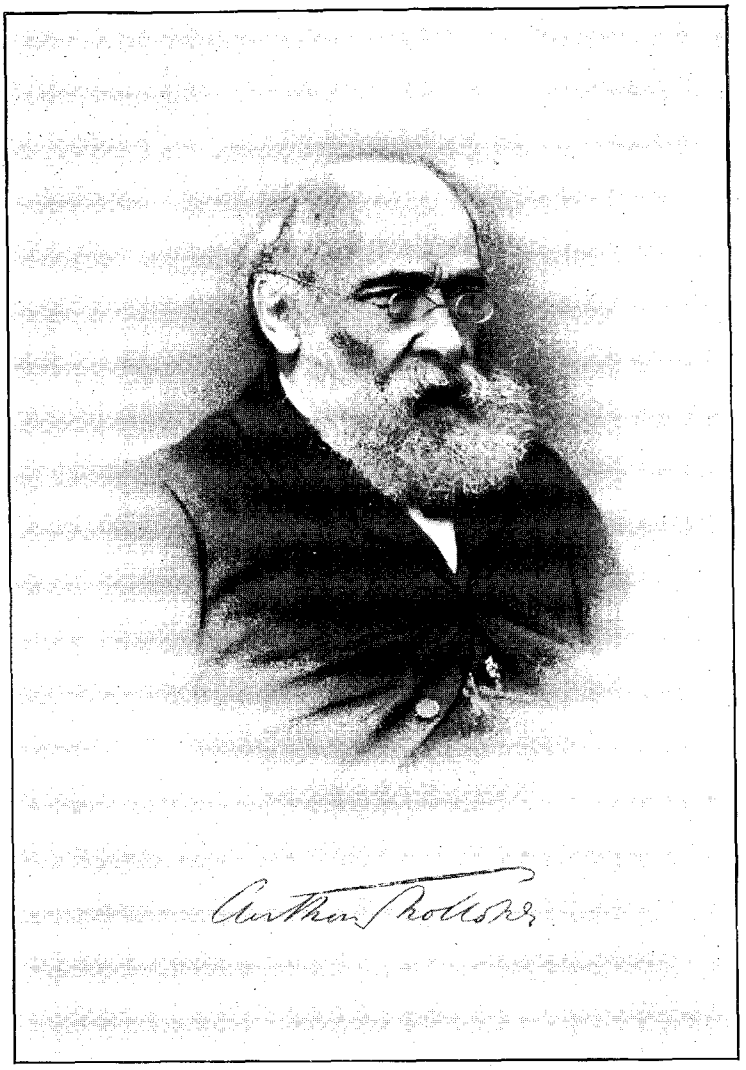

after years I have done the same,—with this difference, that I have discarded the hero of my early dreams, and have been able to lay my own identity aside.

These years then, in spite of all their shabbiness and their Bohemianism, were in reality the years in which the foundations of the future novelist were laid. He had come to know at least one side of life; he was learning from the great masters of literary style; he had begun, without knowing it, the study of his technique; and, in a way, he had begun also to garner the rich material out of which he was afterward destined to construct so much that is solid and enduring. Even to his squalid experiences, to his dreary life in lodgings, to his squabbles with his superiors, and to the trouble with the young woman already mentioned, his readers have good cause for gratitude, since upon these things are based some of the most interesting episodes in the story of young Eames, as told in *The Small House at Allington*.

In 1841 came a gleam of the success which had hitherto appeared to be quite unattainable. In that year, at the age of twenty-six, Trollope accepted a surveyorship in connection with the Post-Office Department in Ireland, which at once removed him from the scene of all his past unhappiness and adversity, and gave him

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a position of comparative independence, with an income, during the very first year, of £400. "This," he says, "was the first good fortune of my life." From that time on, he rose steadily in the postal service; and whereas his character in London had been officially regarded as extremely bad, from the day of his transfer to Ireland he never heard one word of censure, and he speedily acquired the reputation of a most efficient public servant. It was in Ireland that Trollope acquired his passion for hunting, which had a most important influence on his literary work; and it was in Ireland also that he married. Finally, it was in Ireland that he wrote his first novel, *The MacDermots of Ballycloran,* which was begun in 1843 and finished in 1845, but not published until 1847. It was an utter failure, although Trollope himself in after life declared that he had never made another plot so good. The book was never noticed in the reviews; the author never got an accounting from his publisher; and to that publisher he never wrote a single letter with regard to it. Undismayed, however, he tried a second story—again an Irish one—and again he failed; for of *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* only one hundred and forty copies were sold, and the publisher incurred a loss of something like £60. He now tried an historical novel, *La Vendée;* and this was, perhaps, the most utter failure of them all. By this time even Trollope himself, although still sanguine as to the merits of what he had written, began to disbelieve in the possibility of success. After experimenting with a comedy which was at once condemned by a critic to whom he had submitted it, and after vainly offering to prepare for a London publisher a handbook of travel for Ireland, he turned to his official duties, and for several years put forth no book.

These years may well have seemed to be just so much valuable time deducted from the novelist's literary life. Yet nothing is more certain than that to them and to the experiences which they gave him Trollope owed a lasting obligation. Transferred from Ireland to England, he was assigned to the special service of devising an improved plan for the delivery of letters in the rural parts of England. In the discharge of this duty it became necessary for him to visit personally almost every nook and corner of Devonshire, Cornwall, Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Hertfordshire, Monmouthshire, and six of the Welsh counties, besides the Channel Islands. For two years he almost lived on horseback, going back and forth continually through this tract of country, which contains some of the most beautiful and romantic scenery of Britain. He came to know it all by heart—the towns and villages, the manors and the granges, even the woods and copses, the lanes and bypaths. And what was infinitely more important, he came to know the people; for the nature of his mission brought him into personal contact with men and women of every type and class. He entered the hovel of the peasant and the mansion of the nobleman, the tradesman's shop, the tap-room of the village inn, the lonely farmhouse, the pretentious villa, the country parsonage, and the bishop's palace. He chatted with the yokels, he made friends with the sturdy, shrewd, hard-headed yeomen and their buxom wives, he visited and rode to hounds with the country gentlemen. He was, to be sure, the government official, but he was also the keenly analytical observer of human nature. He loved to study men and women, to learn their ways of thinking, to understand their interests and their prejudices, to fathom their motives, to watch the play of their activities; and so the two years of this close contact with the most English part of England were not two years of wasted opportunity or of neglected effort, but rather they were two years of the very richest gain; for he was all the while unconsciously absorbing a minute and sympathetic knowledge of his countrymen and was acquiring that insight into their character which was to make him the most profoundly national of England's novelists.

One midsummer evening, in the Close at Salisbury, as he stood watching the mellow moonlight shimmer on the spire of the great cathedral, there came to him the first conception of a novel that should depict the life of a cathedral city, with all the varied interests and intrigues that gather about the society of such a place. The general plan of such a novel having once possessed his thoughts, the individual details soon worked themselves out

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swiftly and harmoniously. The characters began to grow into life; the scenes and incidents began to stand out vividly before his mental vision; and at last, in July, 1853, he sat down with a full mind to begin the composition of *The Warden* —the first of those remarkable novels which, in the minds of all who are familiar with her fiction, have given to England a new county, Barsetshire, and have created for us a whole group of men and women who are as real as any of the men and women whom we meet and know in actual life. *The Warden* appeared in 1855, and for the first time Trollope was made to feel that as a writer he had within him the elements which go to make success. *The Warden,* to be sure, caused no great stir at the time of its appearance; but its author knew that at least it had not failed. The critics noticed it; and Trollope could discover that those about him were aware that he had written a book. From a commercial point of view the result might have seemed almost as discouraging as was the case with his early failures. By the end of 1857, exactly ten years from the time when he published his first book, he had received altogether from his novels the paltry sum of £55. As he says himself, he could have done vastly better had he spent the time in breaking stone. He had, however, received sufficient recognition of another kind to give him heart; so that he took up the writing of *Barchester Towers* in an optimistic spirit, such as before had never animated him. The writing of it, as he tells us, was a source of great delight to him; and his pen moved swiftly over the pages of that novel, upon which, perhaps, more than upon any other single book, his fame must rest. It carried on the story of *The Warden,* but with a broader scope, a firmer grasp, a finer fancy, and a most remarkable fertility in the drawing of characters; while the discursiveness that is the bane of several of his later novels is almost wholly absent from this fascinating book. *Barchester Towers* at once made Trollope generally known; and from this time a definite position in the world of letters was assured to him. He was no longer simply an official of the General Post-Office; he was Anthony Trollope, a man whose name stood for something definite and admirable. A little while before, promotion in the postal service had more than doubled his official income; so that now at last he was in a position of ease, lifted above the minor worries of practical life, and with the path to a successful literary career made smooth before him.

Then came a period not only of success, but a period also in which he was destined to round out and complete the cycle of experience that was to fit him not merely for describing single sections of society, particular localities and partial phases of existence, but for the understanding and the analysis of life and of society as a whole. Hitherto he had known Great Britain only; but now he could indulge a taste for foreign travel. He visited the Continent as a tourist, and in 1858 the government sent him to Egypt to make a postal treaty with the Pasha. Somewhat later a similar errand took him to the United States, to Cuba, and to Central America, and he afterward visited Australia and South Africa, and made a voyage to Iceland. Besides the broadening effects of foreign travel, he was to make acquaintances and to form lasting friendships, whose inspiration was of a value quite inestimable. Changing his home to London, which he had left years before as a debt-ridden junior clerk in the post-office, regarded alike by himself and by others as something of a pariah, he now received a cordial welcome to that inner sanctuary of London life in which is to be found all that is best of English intellect and English *bonhomie,* where statesmen and scholars and artists and men of letters meet with utter unreserve to give to one another the very choicest vintage of their genius. Among the friends that Trollope made were such political luminaries as the Earl of Derby, Lord Ripon, Lord Kimberley, Sir William Vernon-Harcourt and George Bentinck; the world of letters was splendidly represented by Thackeray and Dickens, by George Eliot, Charles Reade, Lord Lytton, George Henry Lewes, Charlotte Brontë, Wilkie Collins, Tom Taylor, Tom Hughes, and Lord Houghton; while statesmanship and literature were both combined in the enigmatically fascinating person of Disraeli. A more brilliant set of associates had not been gathered together since the days of Elizabeth; and among them Trollope moved as one who

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by his own unaided genius had made himself their equal.

Precisely, then, as Trollope's two years on horseback amid the English rural countries had given him an extraordinary knowledge of that English life which is racy of the soil, so his years in London gave him no less an understanding of the tone, the ways, and the modes of thought that characterise the governing class of Englishmen—the class also that establishes the intellectual standards of the English race. Foreign travel, too, was for him a salutary antidote to the narrowness that sometimes afflicts the British mind. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at if in the splendid series of novels which Trollope now composed, he drew a broad and comprehensive and minutely accurate picture of England as it is and of English men and English women as they are. He trusted nothing to mere imagination pure and simple, nor was he willing ever to evolve his facts and scenes from out his inner consciousness. Had he not stood for Parliament himself, he would never have given us those extraordinarily vivid impressions which are to be found in such of his novels as have to do with the strife of parties. Had he not, week after week, sat in the gallery of the House of Commons, listening patiently to the debates and noting all the special usages and customs of that interesting place, he would never have planned and carried out the brilliant series of novels which relate to parliamentary life, and of which *Phineas Finn* was the precursor. He wrote only of what he actually knew; and when he wrote he wrote with a perfect knowledge and a wonderful power of making it all intensely real; for he himself in his own person had seen and felt and understood it all.

The latter years of Trollope's life were not eventful save for their literary performance and the measure of success which it received. Before his death in 1882 he had written and published forty-six novels, besides leaving in manuscript one completed novel (*An Old Man's Love*) and one unfinished novel (*The Land Leaguers*). He had likewise published four books of travel, five volumes of stories, and four biographical works. After his death appeared his *Autobiography*, a singularly frank and interesting revelation of his personal experiences and of his personal opinions and theories regarding his own literary work. The narrative ends with the year 1879, and it is supplemented by a few pages from the pen of his son Henry, who edited the book.*

Having so far considered the main features of his life and of his environment, it remains for us to estimate the character and the value of his achievements as a writer, and to hazard also some observations as to the place in English literature which is likely to be assigned him by the judgment of posterity.

In the decade which succeeded Trol-

*For the reader's convenience, the following complete list of Trollope's books, with the dates of their publication, is appended. FICTION: *The Macdermots of Ballycloran* (1847); *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* (1848); *La Vendée* (1850); *The Warden* (1855); *Barchester Towers* (1857); *The Three Clerks* (1858); *Doctor Thorne* (1858); *The Bertrams* (1859); *Castle Richmond* (1860); *Framley Parsonage* (1861); *Tales of All Countries,* first series (1861); *Tales of All Countries,* second series (1863); *Tales of All Countries,* third series (1870); *Orley Farm* (1862); *Rachel Ray* (1863); *The Small House at Allington* (1864); *Can You Forgive Her?* (1864); *Miss Mackenzie* (1865); *The Belton Estate* (1866); *The Claverings* (1867); *The Last Chronicle of Barset* (1867); *Nina Balatka* (1867); *Linda Tressel* (1868); *Phineas Finn* (1869); *He Knew He Was Right* (1869); *Brown, Jones and Robinson* (1870); *The Vicar of Bullhampton* (1870); *An Editor's Tales* (1870); *Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite* (1871); *Ralph the Heir* (1871); *The Golden Lion of Granpère* (1872); *The Eustace Diamonds* (1873); *Phineas Redux* (1874); *Harry Heathcote of Gangoil* (1874); *Lady Anna* (1874); *The Way We Live Now* (1875); *The Prime Minister* (1876); *The American Senator* (1877); *Is He Popenjoy?* (1878); *John Caldigate* (1879); *An Eye for an Eye* (1879); *Cousin Henry* (1879); *The Duke's Children* (1880); *Ayala's Angel* (1881); *Doctor Wortle's School* (1881); *Frau Frohmann and Other Stories* (1882); *The Fixed Period* (1882); *Kept in the Dark* (1882); *Marion Fay* (1882); *Mr. Scarborough's Family* (1883); *The Landleaguers* (1883); *An Old Man's Love* (1884). TRAVEL: *The West Indies and the Spanish Main* (1859); *North America* (1862); *Australia and New Zealand* (1873); *South Africa* (1878). BIOGRAPHY: *Cæsar* (Ancient Classics) (1870); *Thackeray* (1879); *Life of Cicero* (1880); *Lord Palmerston* (1882); *An Autobiography* (1883).

It may, perhaps, be interesting to repeat his own statement that during the twenty years ending in 1879, Trollope's literary earnings amounted to about £70,000 ($350,000)—a result which he himself described as "comfortable, but not splendid."

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lope's death there is no doubt that his reputation as a novelist almost immediately waned. From the time of the production of *Barchester Towers* down to the year in which he died he had remained steadily a favourite writer with a very large and discriminating public. No single novel that he wrote ever produced what is popularly called "a literary sensation." That was not the day when novels by writers known or unknown leaped at once to the sales that require six places of figures for their computation, any more than it was the day when novels were produced to be read by every one in the course of a few short months, and then to be forgotten absolutely. Yet if Trollope's success had not been spectacular, nevertheless, it had been substantial. A new novel from his pen was always looked for with keen interest, and its appearance was always an event. Why, then, almost immediately after his death did this interest decline, and why until within the last year or two have his books appeared to be gradually passing into a species of oblivion? If these books have within them, as they most surely have, all the essential qualities that give vitality to fiction, why should they have suffered a decline in the estimation of the reading public? There are, I think, two explanations to be given of this phenomenon, and both these explanations are quite consistent with a belief that Trollope's obscuration is but a passing phase, and that even now he is beginning to take high rank and an enduring place among the very greatest masters of modern fiction.

First of all, there is no doubt that the publication of his *Autobiography* did him serious harm, not only with the critics, but with his own admirers—with all, indeed, who entertain and who love to entertain what may be termed the inspirational theory of literary creation. In the fancy of these persons an author still retains something of the traditional sanctity which clung to him in the days of Greece and Rome, when, garlanded with bays, he was supposed to write under the guidance of the Muses whom he invoked, and who were believed to touch his lips with the fire of inspiration. Trollope, however, roughly and almost brutally rejected the notion that a producer of literature is anything more than any other kind of a producer. His chief motive for writing is to be found, not in the love of fame or in the worship of art for its own sake, but in the desirability of money. Read his own words upon this subject:

> I am well aware that there are many who think that an author in his authorship should not regard money—nor a painter, or sculptor, or composer in his art. I do not know that this unnatural self-sacrifice is supposed to extend itself further. A barrister, a clergyman, a doctor, an engineer, and even actors and architects, may without disgrace follow the bent of human nature, and endeavour to fill their bellies and clothe their backs and also those of their wives and children as comfortably as they can by the exercise of their abilities and their crafts. They may be as rationally realistic as may the butchers and the bakers; but the artist and the author forget the high glories of their calling if they condescend to make a money-return a first object. They who preach this doctrine will be much offended by my theory; and by this book of mine, if my theory and my book come beneath their notice.

The last sentence has, I think, been justified by the event. His book did come beneath the notice of many who preached the altruistic doctrine of literary production, and they were, indeed, offended both by his theory and by his book. Again, as a sort of corollary to his original proposition, the account that he has given of his own methods of writing undoubtedly did much to discredit him with the critics. As, in the passage just quoted, he compared the work of the author and the artist with the work of the butcher and the baker, so was he fond—undoubtedly too fond—of saying that the methods of the author need not differ in kind from the methods of the tradesman or the artisan. The following passage is extremely characteristic:

> I had long since convinced myself that in such works as mine the great secret consisted in acknowledging myself to be bound to rules of labour similar to those which an artisan or a mechanic is forced to obey. A shoemaker when he has finished one pair of shoes does not sit down and contemplate his work in idle satisfaction. "There is my pair of shoes finished at last! What a pair of shoes it is!" The shoemaker who so indulged himself would be without wages half his time. It is the same with a professional writer of books. An author

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may, of course, want time to study a new subject. He will, at any rate, assure himself that there is some such good reason why he should pause. He does pause, and will be idle for a month or two while he tells himself how beautiful is that last pair of shoes which he has finished! Having thought much of all this, and having made up my mind that I could be really happy only when I was at work, I had now quite accustomed myself to begin a second pair as soon as the first was out of my hands.

And, again, this curious passage, written down soon after he had been requested by the London *Graphic* to write for it a Christmas story:

I feel, with regard to literature somewhat as I suppose an upholsterer and undertaker feels when he is called upon to supply a funeral. He has to supply it, however distasteful it may be. It is his business, and he will starve if he neglect it. So have I felt that when anything in the shape of a novel was required, I was bound to produce it. Nothing can be more distasteful to me than to have to give a relish of Christmas to what I write. I feel the humbug implied by the nature of the order. . . . Alas! at this very moment I have one to write, which I have promised to supply within three weeks of this time—the picture-makers always require a long interval—as to which I have in vain been cudgelling my brain for the last month. I can't send away the order to another shop, but I do not know how I shall ever get the coffin made.

If this was Trollope's theory, he certainly carried it out in actual practice. He was an official of the post-office as well as a novelist, and in consequence he could not always pick and choose the times and places for his literary labour. The inspirational theory, therefore, was impossible to him; for the moments of his inspiration would frequently be sure to clash with the moments of his opportunity. Hence, quite early in his literary career he resolved that every day he would devote three hours to composition, and that these three hours should be taken whenever they could, and from whatever time was at his disposal, no matter where he chanced to be. This rule he never broke. If he were at home, he sat before his desk and wrote. If he were on a railway journey, he carried with him a writing-pad, and in the railway carriage pursued his task, regardless of his surroundings until his daily stint had been completed. If he were making a sea voyage, he had a little table screwed to the side of his stateroom; and upon it, even in the stormiest of weather, when the ship was pitching and rocking, and when he himself was suffering from the direst qualms of seasickness, he wrote each day until he had produced three thousand words—for he exacted of himself at least two hundred and fifty words each quarter of an hour—and with his watch before him he would labour with all the exactness and precision of an accountant.

Now, all these things—his liking for money, his bourgeois views about the literary profession, and the stolidly methodical way in which, apparently, he did his work—seemed very shocking to very many persons. The critics all cried out in reprobation, and thousands of those who had read his books with intense delight grew speedily ashamed of their enthusiasm when they learned just how these books had been composed. They experienced a sort of disillusionment. They suddenly perceived all sorts of defects of which before they had been utterly unconscious. It became the fashion to speak of Trollope as a mechanical and uninspired writer, and, being mechanical and uninspired, as one whose writing must of necessity be dull. In course of time this judgment passed into an accepted formula, and I have often heard it repeated by intelligent men and women who, upon being questioned, were forced reluctantly to admit that they had never read a single line of Trollope in their lives. They were simply parroting the dicta of Mr. Henry James and other critics of the Transcendental School. They did not see, and the critics did not see, that it makes no difference how or when or by whom or with what theory a book is written; since it can be rightly judged only by what it holds within itself. If it be good, if it be true to life, if it can make you laugh with its humour and thrill with its passion, if it can make your heart beat faster by its power, and your lip quiver and your eyes grow dim by its pathos—why should you listen to the arid little judgments of some paltry critic, equipped with a yardstick and a set of rules rather than with a heart to feel and with a brain to understand? There are those who can see none of the splen-

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dour of Byron's poetry, because Byron was himself a mocker and a rake. There are some who will not take the trouble to become familiar with the exquisite beauty of Newman's prose, because they think of him as a recreant to the faith in which he had been born. Philistines such as these may scoff at Trollope and may say that he was uninspired and mechanical because he wrote three hours a day with his watch before him; but no man who reads his books and feels their magic and their elemental vigour and virility can deny that Anthony Trollope was, in his own sphere, just as great as Thackeray, and (with certain definite limitations) almost the peer of Balzac.

It is not, however, necessary to defend him only in this way. The impartial critic should recall not merely all those passages where Trollope has flouted at "inspiration" in its hackneyed sense, and where he has half defiantly and, as it seems to me, with a conscious exaggeration, crammed down the critic's throat a bluntly phrased repudiation of pure art. There is another side to this; for there is something else that Trollope tells us which should modify the judgment of even the most captious and fastidious. A few sentences that he has himself written about Thackeray will give a clue to what I have in mind:

> Late in Thackeray's life—he never was an old man, but toward the end of his career—he failed in his power of charming, because he allowed his mind to become idle. In the plots which he conceived, and in the language which he used, I do not know that there is any perceptible change; but in *The Virginians* and in *Philip* the reader is introduced to no character with which he makes a close and undying acquaintance. And this, I have no doubt, is so because Thackeray himself had no such intimacy. His mind had come to be weary of that fictitious life which is always demanding the labour of new creation; and he troubled himself with his two Virginians and his Philip only when he was seated at his desk.

This criticism by him of a brother author throws a flood of light on what has been so carelessly described as Trollope's mechanical process of composition. Did Trollope trouble himself with his creations only when he was seated at his desk? If so, then it may be that he deserves the reproach of being a mere literary artisan. Nothing, however, could be more untrue. His hours of real composition were not the hours when he was writing, but when he was alone, untroubled by society, free from all other cares and other duties, and able to pass from the world of fact which lay about him, and to live in that other no less actual world which he himself created. It was then that he wrought out his plots, and called into existence the men and women whom the world has come to know, and when (though he himself rejected the idea) true inspiration came to him. I have quoted the words on which his critics have condemned him. Let me now quote the words which make that condemnation utterly unjust:

> At such times I have been able to imbue myself thoroughly with the characters I have had in hand. I have wandered alone among the rocks and woods, crying at their grief, laughing at their absurdities, and thoroughly enjoying their joy. I have been impregnated with my own creations till it has been my only excitement to sit with the pen in my hand, and drive my team before me at as quick a pace as I could make them travel.

Are these the words and is this the feeling of a literary artisan? Could the most brilliant writer whom the world has ever known bring to our minds more vividly the creative spirit, the throbbing brain, and the living soul of the inspired artist? And, as a last quotation, let me cite these sentences which Trollope wrote down very soberly in summing up his thoroughly matured opinions of his own profession:

> The novelist has other aims than the elucidation of his plot. He desires to make his readers so intimately acquainted with his characters that the creatures of his brain should be to them speaking, moving, living, human creatures. This he can never do unless he know those fictitious personages himself; and he can never know them unless he can live with them in the full reality of established intimacy. They must be with him as he lies down to sleep and as he wakens from his dreams. He must learn to hate them and to love them. He must argue with them, forgive them, and even submit to them. He must know of them whether they be cold-blooded or passionate, whether true or false, and how far true, and how far false. The depth and the breadth, and

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the narrowness and the shallowness of each should be clear to him.

It is so that I have lived with my characters, and thence has come whatever success I have obtained. There is a gallery of them, and of all in that gallery I may say that I know the tone of the voice, and the colour of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear. Of each man I could assert whether he would have said these or the other words; of every woman, whether she would then have smiled or so have frowned.

These passages and others like them make it clear enough that Trollope's three hours a day of writing and the imposition upon himself of a stated task are to be viewed quite differently from the way in which the critics view them. These three hours were not hours of composition in the real sense of that word. When he came to his desk he did not come to it with an empty mind and with a feeling of uncertainty as to what he was about to do. He came to it with the work of composition and creation already quite accomplished, with everything thought out, and with a mind, as he himself described it, impregnated with his own creations; so that all he had to do was to take his pen in hand and transcribe with the utmost rapidity the scenes, the incidents, the dialogue, and the reflections with which his active brain was teeming. His three hours of daily work, then, were hours of clerical work alone. The real labour had been already done.

Therefore, it is unfair and almost dishonest to take a part of what he has revealed to us regarding his own method, and to ignore the other part which is necessary to a perfect understanding of it all. Trollope was not uninspired; he was not mechanical; his novels were not turned out as a cobbler turns out shoes, nor as an undertaker turns out coffins; but they were called into being as every great artistic creation is called into being, with pain and travail and joy and exultation, by a mind aroused to put forth all its powers, an imagination splendidly aflame, and a soul pierced through and through by poignant birth-pangs. And the novels themselves show all of this quite plainly to one who reads them with a sentient mind. If Trollope, with a certain healthy contempt for the dilettante and the amateur, has sometimes seemed to hold all art in slight esteem, and to blurt out bluntly that there is no art, and that he wrote his novels in the spirit of a man of business, then there is always at hand the reply which a critic lately made to Mr. Rudyard Kipling in answer to a brilliant gibe of his directed against Art. The critic in question took down a volume of Mr. Kipling's poems and, turning to that wonderful ballad entitled "Mandalay"—a ballad curiously blended of human passion and oriental colour and haunting music—he simply said, "But, Mr. Kipling, *this* is Art."

I have said, however, that for the temporary decline of general interest in Trollope's work there is another reason, and it is one that has reference to the literary history of our own times. It was near the date of Trollope's death that the English reading world began to feel the influence of the so-called naturalistic school of French fiction. In 1881, after the appearance in English of the two novels (*L'Assommoir* and *Nana*) that are the most famous if not the best of all that he has written, Emile Zola first became known and was first seriously read in England and the United States. The almost epic power of this man took a strong hold upon every class of readers, while his grossness and brutality, though at first they horrified, at length came to possess a morbid fascination for those to whom the combination of extraordinary genius and unbridled license had been hitherto unknown. The more wholesome and self-restrained realism of native English writers like Thackeray and Trollope seemed for the moment to be pale and cold beside the panorama unrolled before the eyes by Zola, in which all that was morally hideous and physically loathsome was exploited with the utmost frankness, and in which every form of vice stood out in bold relief against a background glaring with infernal fires. Then began and then continued for a time the cult of the Unmentionable. American and English readers and students of literature went through a strange experience, from which only during the past three years have they seemed to be gradually recovering. The Gallic influence was paramount. French writers, hitherto but little read outside of France, were hastily translated. We went back to Stendhal and the Goncourt brothers. We read and

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reread Balzac and Flaubert. We hailed the rise of Maupassant in his cynicism, of Mendès in his monstrosity, and of Huysmans in his degeneracy. With a few, all this was an initiation into new theories of fiction; with the many, it was a baptism of filth. The fashion spread, and at last in English we had rivals of the French—George Moore and Gissing, and (*longo intervallo*) Saltus and Flowerdew and Frank Norris—while English playwrights arose to present the same distorted views of life in a dramatic form. This naturalistic movement ran a rapid course. It was a strange infection, a furious fever, and it has left lasting traces upon our intellectual life; but as an infection and a fever it has passed away, and men and women have reverted once again to healthier tastes and saner literary pleasures—to an appreciation of the Romantic and a preference for that truer realism which views life as a whole and does not find its normal phases in a gutter.

Of this truer realism there have been just three great masters, and these are Balzac, Thackeray, and Trollope. All three of them are free alike from any taint of Naturalism and from the paltriness of Trivialism. By universal consent Balzac stands pre-eminent among the three, not because he alone saw all of life, but because he alone both saw it and had the courage and the power to set it forth. The real supremacy of Balzac is not to be found in his mastery of detail, in the completeness and perfection of any single book of his, or in the unique fidelity to life of any single character or single set of characters portrayed for us. No one of the many novels which are linked together to form his wonderful *Comédie Humaine*—no one of these, I say, not even *Eugénie Grandet,* or *Père Goriot,* can, taken by itself, be favourably compared with *Pendennis* or *The Newcomes* or even with *Vanity Fair.* He has drawn no characters more absolutely true to life and more enduring in the minds of men than Becky Sharp and Lord Steyne and Major Pendennis and Harry Foker and Colonel Newcome. Balzac's supremacy really lies in the vastness and fulness of his achievement, in the immensity of his canvas, in his Titanism. He at times works roughly, but he is not cutting delicate little figures upon a gem; he is rather hewing monumental sculptures out of a gigantic crag. To know him as he is, we must know every line he wrote; for only in his entirety can he be really known at all. His conspicuous merit is not that he has given us an accurate and artistic picture of this or that or the other section of human life, but that with an almost superhuman sweep of vision he has revealed to us in one immortal picture all life in its completeness. Thackeray has not done this. He doubtless saw all life, but he never drew it all. He had not the audacity, he had not the energy and the tremendous vitality, both of body and mind, for such a task; and he was hampered by the conventions of Anglo-Saxon tradition which told him that there is much in human life from which not even transcendent genius may draw aside the veil. Thackeray's work, therefore, is the work of one who laboured under limitations—limitations that were partly self-imposed—and the result is a wonderful reproduction of his own sphere of life and of all that entered into it, with glimpses also, though they are only glimpses, of the half-world that lay beyond. His artistry is perfect; his feeling for his subject is, perhaps, even more true than that of Balzac. Yet blot out the city of London from the world of his creation, and how little is there left! With him, in his finer work, all interests centre there.

When we come to consider the relative place of Anthony Trollope in the realistic triad, we must bear in mind precisely the same standards that have been applied to Balzac and to Thackeray. No single book of Trollope's, not even *Barchester Towers* or *He Knew He Was Right,* can be favourably compared with any of the three great Thackerayan novels. Like Balzac, Trollope is inferior to Thackeray in execution and in mastery of detail, though quite his equal in his insight into character; for Mrs. Proudie and the Bishop of Barchester and Lady Glencora and Lizzie Eustace and Mr. Chaffanbrass have long since won a place among the immortals. But, like Balzac, he reveals to us a larger world than Thackeray's, and always with a perfect comprehension of it. It is a Briton's world, as Balzac's is a Frenchman's; but it is not, as is Thackeray's, the world of a mere Londoner. Trollope gives us London life, too, and much more fully than Thackeray has

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done; for he shows us in a series of brilliant novels the very penetralia of the political world as Thackeray never could have done because he lacked the knowledge. Trollope performed the task with such success as to extort a wondering applause from the men who lived the life that was lived by the Mildmays and Daubeneys, the De Terriers and Monks, and all the smaller fry whose ambitions and intrigues are inextricably tangled with the work of government. But Trollope has done more than this. He has given us also rural England and provincial England—an England with which London has no close association. Thackeray never created for us a cathedral city like Barchester, much less an entire county like Barsetshire. We cannot go with him among the yeomanry, among the boors, among the country gentlemen, among the small tradesmen, among the local lawyers and provincial clergy, and get, not merely passing glimpses of the life they led, but a thorough knowledge of it in all its phases. Again, Trollope has shown us Ireland, which he knew as few Englishmen have ever known it, in all its wit and pathos and squalour and improvidence. And in this, as in all he wrote, there is everywhere, as Hawthorne said, the human nature that must make these novels universally successful in their appeal to human interests and human sympathies.

Take, then, these three great writers and compare them. Balzac, first of all, the master of his craft, the artist and the psychologue, who in drawing all of France drew also, broadly speaking, all humanity. Then Trollope, far more limited than Balzac, because there were depths that he could not sound, as there were unclean haunts that he refused to penetrate, yet still one who revealed his country and his countrymen more fully and more truly than any other Englishman has ever done. And finally, there is Thackeray, superior in some things to Balzac and to Trollope, but working in a field so narrow, and producing what is comparatively so very little, as to deserve the third place when regarded from the standpoint of his actual achievement.

There are many things that make a parallel between Balzac and Anthony Trollope very interesting. Each passed through a long apprenticeship to poverty; each gave much thought to money and to material things; each laboured with an energy that was astonishing; each was the most prolific writer among his contemporaries; each knew his country and his countrymen of every class and type and station; each drew them as they were and are, and with a thorough understanding of humanity at large; and each stands forth as the novelist of a nation. Trollope has written nothing that can be matched with Balzac at his best; yet he has never descended to the inanity of Balzac at his worst. If he could not have penned a book so sombre and so terrible as *Cousine Bette,* neither could he have brought himself to perpetrate so wildly meaningless a screed as *Séraphita.* If his pages do not sting with epigram, they glow with humour. If he often shuts his eyes to what is foul and morbid and revolting, he sees more clearly still that which is good and true and tender. In a word, if he lacks something of the brilliancy and something of the hardness and something of the unpitying logic of the Frenchman, all this but makes him the more typically English, and gives us one more reason for believing that, in the end, when the swift years shall have swept away the cobweb reputations which confuse men's judgments for the moment, the name of Anthony Trollope will rightfully be recognised as first upon the roll of England's realistic novelists.

Harry Thurston Peck.

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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF HORACE GREELEY

I.

The occurrence of the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of Horace Greeley, and the fact that his contemporaries are rapidly passing away, make it appropriate that those of us who remain and were associated with him in newspaper work should place on record their impressions of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, our American journalists, as *mémoires pour servir* when the time shall have come to write an authoritative biography.

My first interview with Mr. Greeley was under circumstances well calculated to impress an imaginative small boy. My parents were living in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and the editor of the *Tribune* and my father had just returned from a Whig Convention in Philadelphia, during which their common friend and political idol, Henry Clay, had been hardly handled in his race for the Presidency. Mr. Greeley had retired for the night, but some article necessary to his toilet having been forgotten, I, then a child of five or six, was sent with it to his room. Our guest had already disrobed and was standing in his *chemise de nuit,* bare as to his legs and with a cotton nightcap crowning his blond locks. Although he had not then attained the girth of later years, being scrawny rather than portly, his height, his prominent cheek-bones, his peculiar figure and general eccentric appearance formed a picture that photographed itself indelibly upon my memory.

My father was then part owner of a steamer (afterward absorbed by that octopus of the early days of railway and steamboat transportation, the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company) which plied between New York and New Brunswick; and having between three and four hours' leisure daily, he passed the time in the *Tribune* office, reading the exchanges, he being a passionate amateur politician, although he never sought nor held office. Being possessed of a phenomenal memory, he was thus of great service to Mr. Greeley during heated political campaigns. It was through the connection thus formed that in February, 1865, I began work on the *Tribune* as night, exchange and "make-up" editor—a position involving tasks more onerous and responsibilities greater than, in justice to himself, any one man should have assumed. At that time the late Sidney Howard Gay was managing editor; George W. Smalley (now New York correspondent of the London *Times*) was a "brevier" or editorial writer; Dr. Ripley was still the book-reviewer, and Professor Schemen (a most thorough and genial German scholar) foreign editor, while Messrs. E. C. Stedman, Congdon and Bayard Taylor (when in town) contributed to the editorial page. "Ned" House wrote of the theatres (being succeeded by William Winter in the summer of 1866), and Clarence Cook criticised pictures. Mr. England, long the city editor, had not yet become business manager of the *Sun* under Charles A. Dana, and Amos Cummings had charge of the weekly edition of the *Tribune.* In short, the readers of Mr. Greeley's journal were well served in those days.

Its editor usually reached the office about four P.M., and going to his "den" (a very cramped, six-by-nine apology for a room) had to pass through the main editorial sanctum, where several of the writers had their desks. The Chief coming in one afternoon, somebody ventured to remark: "Mr. Greeley, that was a rather bad slip in your editorial on 'Temperance' this morning!" Mr. Greeley stopped in his shambling progress toward his room, pushed his spectacles over his forehead, and demanded the cause of this sudden assault. It was then explained to him that he had written a sentence something like this: "We refer to sherry, Heidsick, port, Madeira, champagne and other kinds of wine," as though Heidsick were a variety by itself. Mr. Greeley thought a second, and then, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, drawled out: "I guess I'm the only man here that could have made that mistake!" Needless to add that the subject was not pursued further by the critics of the staff.

The absence of the slightest financial ability in Mr. Greeley's mental equipment is proverbial, but in one case it stood him and his in good stead. I refer to his reckless generosity to Cornelius Vanderbilt, despite the vehemently expressed disapproval of his father, the "Commodore," which is said to have added to his daugh-

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ter's dowry, after his death, the handsome sum of $30,000! This, however, was in marked contrast to his general experience. After the settlement of his estate the *Sun* published a list of Mr. Greeley's assets. It would have been one of the most laughter-exciting documents on record had it not been so pathetic—the pathos being involved in the reflection that so much good money should have been expended in exploiting schemes that, one would imagine, could not have gained a moment's attention outside the walls of a lunatic asylum. Railways to the moon and inventions for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers were not "in it" with the wild and wicked devices in attempting to realise which the White-coated Philosopher of Printing House Square had sunk so many of his hard-earned dollars. Indeed, had not his true friend, McElrath, the publisher of the *Tribune,* insisted on taking charge of his finances and on criticising his investments, it is probable that the Greeley family would have been often without the necessaries of life.

In illustration of Mr. Greeley's general financial recklessness my own experience is in point. While still on the *Tribune,* and being about to go to housekeeping, I had asked him for a loan of $250 or $300. He replied that the claims upon his purse were so numerous that he would be unable to oblige me. Two or three years afterward, through the generosity of my father, I was enabled to purchase the *Tobacco Leaf,* the organ of the tobacco trade, and subsequently was made acquainted with the following facts:

The *Leaf* was the property of a German who had a fancy for publishing trade papers, and who had launched on the sea of journalism sheets devoted to petroleum, horticulture, the fashions, the Irish people, liquors, etc. These ventures, if they did not at once pay expenses, he would offer for sale, usually at the end of six weeks or two months, and if a purchaser were not then forthcoming he would discontinue them. The history of the periodical that aspired to be the organ of the liquor trade is peculiar. On being advertised, it was sold for $1000 (it would have been dear at a quarter of that amount) to one claiming to be an ex-Confederate officer, who turned out to be a drunkard, and who "ran" his new property "into the ground" after a month or two of studied neglect. Never was an enterprise so rapidly and effectually ruined. It was a pitiful spectacle, the more so because the purchase-money which had served only to accelerate this Rake's Progress had been contributed by Horace Greeley at the very time that he had professed himself unable to loan me a fraction of the amount, although I was the son of an old friend who was amply able to make good any possible deficit, and also an employé under his control. The $1000 (or admit that it was only $500) he had given to an entire stranger who had, in some way, worked upon his sympathies. Of course, the ex-Confederate could not have confessed his object in borrowing the money, but the facility with which he obtained it illustrates Mr. Greeley's extraordinary carelessness in financial matters. This tale told of any one else would have been incredible; related of, perhaps, the greatest spendthrift of his century, it is probably only too true!

II.

Much has been written concerning the illegibility of Mr. Greeley's handwriting, and many tales, more or less apocryphal, are told regarding it. As a matter of fact, there have been worse penmen than the editor of the *Tribune* (Rufus Choate, for example), but not many; still, with patience, his average hieroglyphics could nearly always be deciphered.

In setting his "copy" in the *Tribune* office, of course great care was taken, it being confided generally only to certain typesetting experts. One night a few lines of it fell, unfortunately, into the hands of "a rank outsider," with ludicrous results. The "outsider" in question was a poor old typo, whose days of usefulness had passed long since, but who managed to subsist on a few dollars earned weekly by "subbing" (that is, acting as a substitute) for other printers, who from one cause or another (generally laziness and a desire to "spree") took "a night off." On this occasion the old man was doing his level best, or worst, at somebody's case, when he happened to get hold of "a take" of one of Mr. Greeley's editorials, and proceeded to embalm it in type. As he set it the bit of "copy"

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"made sense," but it was not the meaning that Mr. Greeley intended to convey. As it was not utter nonsense it passed the proof-readers, and (as the writer happened to be out of town) it got into the paper.

The following evening Mr. Greeley reached the office in no amiable mood, and lost little time in tramping up the iron staircase to the composing-rooms on the floor above. Here he encountered "Sam," the night foreman (quite a character in his way, with his constantly used catch-words, "matter-of-course," "matter-of-course,"), and the air was soon blue with the Chief's imprecations on the luckless typo, the proof-readers, the foreman, and, indeed, the entire force typographical. As soon as it became possible to make one's self heard above this verbal tempest Mr. Greeley was informed of the circumstances, and that it was not really the fault of the old man, who had done the best he could, but that the blame should rest rather on the assistant foreman, whose carelessness was the cause of the veteran's getting the "copy" from the "hook." As the argument appealed to Mr. Greeley's intelligence (he knew the culprit by sight), he suddenly realised that, in giving way to his passion, he was making a spectacle of himself—in fact, enabling the printers (who had all stopped work) to enjoy a high-class "circus"—he called out in his squeaky treble: "Won't somebody please kick me downstairs?" and shuffled out of the room.

Speaking of handwriting, it is interesting to recall the fact that Mr. Greeley has left behind him a very frank criticism of the legibility of his own chirography. Being uptown one day, and wishing to send a telegram and also to get shaved, he entered a hotel and sent his dispatch. Then, passing into the barber-shop, he sat down in an operating-chair, and (according to his custom) was soon sound asleep. Meantime the telegram had created a decided sensation, Mr. Greeley having thrown it down hastily on the desk and neglected to translate it. Nobody from the manager down being able to supply a legible equivalent for the mysterious characters, a messenger was sent into the barber-shop with the screed. Waking with a start, and supposing that the boy had brought an answer to his dispatch, Mr. Greeley took the paper, scanned it for a moment, and then, with a look of deep disgust, piped out: "What blamed idiot wrote that?"

Having risen from the ranks himself, Mr. Greeley was always thoughtful of the welfare of his compositors, and was quick to recognise merit at the "case." To this fact many owed their first step in life, of whom Congressman Amos Cummings may be cited as an example. He was promoted from the printing-room to the editorial department, and became one of the Chief's prime favourites. One day, during a discussion, the details of which I have forgotten, Mr. Greeley enunciated his clever definition of fools: "Amos, there are three kinds of fools: the fools that never know their own minds; the d—d fools that are all the time changing 'em, and the G—d d—d fools that never change 'em!"

When Sidney Howard Gay, in the summer of 1866, resigned from the position of managing-editor of the *Tribune*, and before John Russell Young (who had made himself *persona grata* with Mr. Greeley by a highly eulogistic notice of the latter's *American Conflict*, the concluding volume of which had just been issued) succeeded him, there was, so to speak, an interregnum during which George W. Smalley performed the duties. Now, it so happened that the Chief and Mr. Smalley were not on very good terms, or at least were not sympathetic. The latter had married an adopted daughter of Wendell Phillips, and at that time Wendell and Horace (for what reason I know not) were unable to agree, and Mr. Smalley naturally took sides with the distinguished Bostonian.

On one occasion Mr. Greeley had written an article wherein he referred to the international yacht race, in which the present James Gordon Bennett participated, and commented on certain tactics of his regarding a locality known as Plum Gut. This article Mr. Smalley, who was athletic and prided himself on his knowledge of yachting matters, took the liberty of altering, as he found in it a statement which he was convinced was inaccurate. Early that evening, and before the managing editor had returned from dinner, Mr. Greeley came in to look over his contributions to the next morning's issue. As I was sitting only a few feet away, my desk being just outside his door, I could

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hear any loud remark made in his room. Presently I heard him say to himself: "What d—d, long, white-haired Yankee" (Mr. Smalley was tall, blond and from New England) "has been a-cuttin' my proofs?"

Mr. Greeley's likes and dislikes were often unaccountable, and his lending young Cornelius Vanderbilt various sums of money, reaching in the aggregate to a large amount, in spite of the "Commodore's" strenuous opposition, was as strange, in a different way, as his signing the bail-bond of the former President of the Southern Confederacy. It is related, in this connection, that Commodore Vanderbilt once sent a message to the editor of the *Tribune,* asking the favour of a call. Mr. Greeley went. The "Commodore" said in effect: "Mr. Greeley, you know very well that I don't want you to give 'Corneel' money; you must stop it, and I give you fair warning that I shall never repay a cent of what you have lent him!" "Who the h—l asked you to?" is said to have been Mr. Greeley's reply as he shambled out of the room.

From this and other anecdotes the reader might naturally conclude that Mr. Greeley was habitually a profane man. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He never used oaths in ordinary conversation. It was only when greatly excited that he resorted to expletives to make his assertions more emphatic. This habit, acquired by association with his fellow-printers while working at "case" was one of the burrs that clung to him through life as the result of a defective training.

III.

Despite the fact that Mr. Greeley's many eccentricities were the cause of constant merriment to others, his life, apart from his public career, was a sad one. The death of an only son while still a child, and whom he is said to have idolised, seems to have incapacitated him for finding in the home circle the happiness that might have been his. Added to this was the fact that he was "married, but not mated." Mrs. Greeley, always an invalid, was a woman of intelligence and culture, but she had been born with a streak of "contrariness" in her disposition, which, had her husband been less indulgent or less absorbed in an exacting profession, must certainly have made shipwreck of her home. If, for example, she discovered that her husband was advocating any particular policy in his journal, or wished to carry out any especial plan regarding their household or their children, or had any other pet scheme in view, she felt it incumbent upon her to oppose it tooth and nail. Two incidents (for which I can vouch) will illustrate what I mean. The first of these was told me by a partner in the firm of Haughwort and Company, then one of the leading retail crockery houses in town.

Shortly after their marriage, when their eldest child, Ida, was a babe-in-arms, Mr. and Mrs. Greeley arrived at the shop one morning with the infant in quest of a dinner service. A salesman took them upstairs to inspect the stock, and reported afterward that he had never been better entertained than by witnessing the scene that followed, and that occupied the hour they were in the building. In that time the Greeleys looked over the entire collection of dinner sets, but without coming within a hundred miles of agreeing to purchase any particular one. Whenever Mr. Greeley expressed a liking for any special pattern, his wife would say: "Mr. Greeley, how can you see anything to admire in those commonplace, vulgar-looking dishes? I'd sooner die tomorrow than see them on my table! Yes, I'd a thousand times rather have nothing but plain china. If you can't find anything even half-way decent, we'd better go home!" Nor was Mr. Greeley much more yielding. When his wife professed to be pleased with a set, he would drawl out: "Why, Mrs. G., I thought you had more taste. Those plates would disgrace the table of one of our day labourers. You may buy them to give away to somebody else if you like, but I shan't give them house room."

A friend of mine, a well-known magazine writer, who had long been a favourite with Mr. Greeley, but who had never met his wife, was invited to Chappaqua to spend the night. He was received and entertained by Mr. Greeley alone, but the next morning his host sent the servant to ask after his wife's health, and to ascertain whether she could receive a visitor. The reply being in the affirmative, my friend was taken upstairs and introduced.

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Mrs. Greeley seemed to know the young writer by reputation, and was seized at once with an insatiable desire to learn his views on the topics of the day. In order to draw him out, she began an oration, in which she reviewed all of Mr. Greeley's pet theories, as set forth from time to time in the *Tribune,* mercilessly assailing each, and vehemently insisting on an expression of the young man's opinion anent the same. The unhappy guest was thus placed, as he assured me afterward, in one of the most embarrassing positions in which he had ever found himself. If he agreed with the mistress of the house he would forfeit the good opinion of its master; while to take up the cudgels in Mr. Greeley's defence and battle with a woman and an invalid would be to brand himself an unfeeling brute. I believe that he shuffled out of the dilemma in a way that did him little credit with either party, but his host forgave him, since, during the Presidential campaign of 1872, as the editor of a weekly paper in the interior of this State, he did Mr. Greeley such yeoman's service as to change the vote of the county (which usually went Republican) in his favour.

Mention of that unfortunate contest brings me to the last year of Mr. Greeley's life and his untimely end. Had any one told him a twelvemonth before that he would accept the nomination of the Democratic Party—an organisation composed of those who had been his life-long, bitter political enemies—doubtless he would have answered in the words of the prophet: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" But events and his own weakness made an otherwise impossible situation possible. He had posed, Lincoln being dead, as the Great Pacificator between North and South, and, as such, had signed the bail-bond of Jefferson Davis. Now he allowed himself to be persuaded that it was his duty, in carrying out the rôle, to stand as the candidate of the latter's constituents. Besides, those who were close to him were anxious to climb into power over his shoulders, and, hoping that he could be made their tool, wished to thrust him into the White House. In the first flush of a gratified ambition Mr. Greeley could not see anything inconsistent in such a candidacy, or in yielding to the wishes of those who had been wont to refer to him flippantly as "A self-made man who worshipped his Creator," but the stern reality of Defeat probably cleared his vision.

I was absent in England and France from August to November of that year, and so did not hear any of those wonderful impromptu addresses made by the Democratic candidate for the Presidency from the rear platform of his train in September and October, or witness his tremendous activity during the final days of the canvass, the reaction from which, no doubt, helped to kill him. I was told, however, of his unsparing toil and self-sacrifice on my return, and was lost in amazement at the recital. It was as if one of the busiest men of his time (which Mr. Greeley undoubtedly was) had expended himself in one final effort—the supreme moment of a life of untiring energy—from the effects of which, having failed in its purpose, he had not strength enough to recuperate.

I returned from abroad on the steamer *Germanic,* it being her first westerly voyage. Among the passengers were Ole Bull, Judge Waite, and other notable people. Mr. Waite, afterward appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Washington, had spent the summer at Geneva as the legal representative of the American Government before the Arbitration Commission that had just made its famous award. "Judge Waite," I said to him one day during the voyage, "doubtless you have met many Americans this summer. May I ask whether you found any who were in favour of Horace Greeley as Presdent?" He replied that he had met only two, one being Wendell Phillips and the other a friend of Mr. Phillips's, whose name he did not remember. He added that the majority of the prominent Americans abroad that year—the men of large business interests, bankers, and others of the wealthy class—seemed to lack confidence in Mr. Greeley's financial ability, and feared lest, in case of his success, that department of the Government might come to grief. In spite of this, I think that it will be admitted by those who watched the campaign, that could the election have been held immediately after the nomination Mr. Greeley would have stood a very good chance of winning the prize. The farmers of the North and West were then wildly enthusiastic in his favour, and the *Weekly Tribune* had

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an enormous circulation and wielded great influence; but every day that elapsed after the nomination lessened his prospects of success, as a sober second thought brought home to the average voter the inherent absurdity of the situation.

Regarding the last days of the veteran journalist, broken in spirit and in health at an age when, but for his unhappy candidacy, he would have been in his prime and wearing the editorial harness with all the old-time vigour, respect for his memory, for his years of toil, for the uplifting of his fellow-countrymen and the freeing of the enslaved dictates silence. I attended his funeral as one of a committee appointed by the Lotos Club, and saw, among the pall-bearers, General Grant, Governor Fenton and other equally distinguished citizens. But no funereal pomp, however elaborate, would have been appropriate at the obsequies of Horace Greeley. He was not an official of high rank, but simply a newspaper worker, who had, by a life of unceasing labour, raised his profession in the general esteem, being the first American journalist to achieve a national reputation. Others had toiled faithfully and had become known in their own sections; but the poor New Hampshire boy, unaided, had climbed to the top, and made his name a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land.

A special lesson that he has left for those of his own calling I can repeat as it fell from his lips. It occurs in an address at a dinner at Delmonico's, then at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, on April 10, 1866, given by the *Tribune* to its staff in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of that journal. To the assembled editors and reporters Mr. Greeley said: "You will be asked from time to time to engage in various speculations and to entertain other propositions with a view to increasing your incomes; but my experience is that such schemes are illusory. Far better depend on the money you will receive weekly at the cashier's desk and resolve to devote all your energies to the work in hand rather than allow them to be frittered away in various directions, to the detriment of the duties that you have contracted to fulfil!"

Sage advice most appropriately given! It was by following his own rule strictly —by an absorption in his life-work so intense that those who never knew him can scarcely realise its possibility, that Horace Greeley—to cull a simile from almost his single recreation—blazed his way through a forest of difficulties to final success.

IN A COPY OF LAUNCELOT AND GUINEVERE

Not to reveal one mystery
  That lurks beneath life's garment hem—
Alas! I sing of human hearts,
  Because I cannot fathom them.

Richard Hovey.

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QUEEN ALEXANDRA

A person like Queen Alexandra is especially difficult to know, or at any rate to describe, because she presents so few decided characteristics. To be sure, she is extremely pretty and sweet, and there ought to be something to tell about a woman who has these qualities to the degree that she has them, and who has been so long in the world's eye. And there is, no doubt, something to tell, but the people who can speak from knowledge are careful to be silent. An indiscretion would surely meet with severe punishment. So they pursue the safest course, which is to say nothing. In the early days of their married life the Prince and Princess of Wales travelled over India and the East with the well-known *Times* correspondent, W. H. Russell, who made a big and an extremely dull book on the subject of the journey. Now, it would not be possible to travel over half the world with a charming young woman without having something interesting to tell of her. But in the whole course of his book Russell has, so far as we can find, but a single thing to say that was worth the trouble of inditing. It was this, that when she and the Prince were at Constantinople and went to the bazaar at Stamboul, they decided, in order that they might make their purchases cheaply, to go incog. and to be introduced as "Mr. and Mrs. Williams." It was arranged beforehand that, in case they should meet any of their friends at the bazaar, they should be recognised and addressed only as Mr. and Mrs. Williams. About as interesting a personal mention of Queen Alexandra as we have met with anywhere is in a letter of Dean Stanley, who paid the Prince and Princess a visit at Sandringham not long after their marriage. He wrote: "On the evening of Easter Eve the Princess came to me in the corner of the drawing-room with her prayer-book, and I went through the communion service with her, explaining the peculiarities and the likenesses and differences to and from the Danish service. She was most simple and fascinating. . . . My visit to Sandringham gave me intense pleasure. I was there for three days. I read the whole service, preached there and gave the first English sacrament to this 'angel in the palace.' I saw a great deal of her, and can truly say that she is as charming and beautiful a creature as ever passed through a fairy tale."

The account of her marriage and coming to England makes a very pretty story, which may now be studied at great length and with every variety of picturesque detail in the papers of the day. She was the daughter of a small king (not yet a king, indeed)—a "sea-king," the poets called him—and was herself among European princesses something of a Cinderella. It is pleasant to read the story of the affectionate good-by which, when she was leaving Denmark to come to England to be married, she received from the Danes, who were proud of her beauty and goodness and pleased with her good fortune. The speeches and addresses made to her by the governors of the various provinces of Denmark and the mayors of the towns are delightful for their simplicity, dignity and good taste; somewhat unlike, we may add, the unctuous performances of English officials upon similar occasions. The Princess was conducted through Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein to the gates of the free city of Hamburg and thence to the sea, where the yacht *Victoria and Albert* was waiting to receive her. In this she sailed for England, attended by a fleet of English men-of-war. When the yacht steamed up to the landing at Gravesend, the Prince was there waiting. The Prince, a good-looking young fellow, who was known to be very much in love, wore, so the scribes of the day inform us, a blue frock coat—a very good coat, no doubt—and grey trousers.* He went on board the yacht to where the Princess was standing on the deck, she having come out to meet him, and kissed her, for which meritorious and clever action he was enthusiastically cheered by the crowd. The whole story, with its characters, scenery and accessories, was of a kind to throw into the shade any written

*This coat, we presume, was Poole's. The claim is made on behalf of the Prince that he was the discoverer of Poole. He saw Fechter playing Robert Macaire, and observed that his coat, although in rags, was well cut. He sent to inquire the name of the tailor, and learned it was Poole.

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tale or play upon the stage. One is reminded of the refrain in Collins's "Abra; or the Georgian Sultana:"

> Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
> And every Georgian maid like Abra loved.

The welcome of London and England was as splendid and hearty as it could be made. In the progress through London the young Princess delighted the English first by her beauty and then by the unaffected pleasure she showed at the warmth of her reception. They were charmed with her behaviour at the wedding. Indeed, it would have been hardly in her power to do anything that would

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

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have displeased them. Had she looked happy, or very calm and self-possessed, or had she blushed a great deal—any of these would have been pretty. But what she did was to get very much frightened, which was, perhaps, the prettiest of all. In St. George's Chapel, Windsor, all that was most brilliant and splendid in England was gathered. For the first time since the death of the Prince Consort a glimpse was had of the Queen. She appeared in an antique closet over the communion table, which was really a room in the castle opening into the church. She was dressed in deep black, with black gloves, but wore the ribbon and star of the Order of the Garter. She was very pale. Her mind must have gone backward to a similar occasion in her happier, youthful days, when she was herself at the threshold of love and marriage, and the cynosure of all eyes. To her the young Princess made a deep obeisance. She made also "a curtsey of infinite and exquisite grace" to the bridegroom, whom the reporter describes as looking porphyrogenitus* (born in the purple). The reporter also records that she wore her hair *à la Chinoise,* but that one of those long, pendant curls called a *repentir* had been allowed to fall down on the neck.

The poets, of course, came forward with great alacrity, although there was just a little sameness in the notes they struck. The most obvious theme, and that of which they made the most, was that their visitor was a Dane, that the Danes had come to England before as conquerors, that she was also a conqueror, but how unlike to those of a thousand years ago. Tennyson was good, of course, but scarcely at his best. He brought out his "wild bells to the wild sky" and set them tintinnabulating in this manner:

> Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire;
> Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air.

But we think he would have done better if he had waited till he had seen the Princess.

*"Porphyrogenitus" has a special meaning—born the child of the sovereign. In this sense the Prince was porphyrogenitus. The Eastern Roman emperors preferred a younger son born after his father's accession to an older son not so born. Bayard Taylor has a poem with this title, referring to being born a poet.

The Prince, as we have said, was known to be much in love with the beautiful Dane. This would seem scarcely to require corroboration or demonstration. But of late there has been published what might be called an official confirmation of this extremely credible and intrinsically probable report. It had been intended by the Queen that he should marry a German princess. It happened in the following manner that the choice of the Prince was fixed upon Alexandra. A friend of the Prince, a young German officer, who was engaged to be married, had intended to show the Prince a picture of his *fiancée.* But by mistake he gave him instead a picture of Alexandra. The Prince was much impressed by it. Shortly after he saw in the drawing-room of the Duchess of Cambridge a miniature of the same lady, and then and there decided he would marry her. Sometime afterward the young people met, by accident we believe, at Heidelburg. We are also officially informed that after the marriage, even upon such public occasions as levees at court, the Prince was so little master of himself as to keep on exclaiming, "Isn't she charming! Isn't she a darling!" The work just mentioned also confirms the well-known story of her bursting into tears at Sandringham, when at breakfast a thoughtless equerry came into the room with the news of a German victory over the Danes, of the Prince's sorrow and of the severe wigging he gave the equerry. There is no confirmation, however, of the other well-known story of her asking for the head of Bismarck on a charger, which, furthermore, does not seem to be in character. The Prince, by the way, is known to be a sympathetic and tender-hearted man. I have heard within a day or two the opinion on this point of some one who is in a position to speak with knowledge. There is a lady living in New York, who at one time was for some weeks in the habit of seeing the Prince daily and under circumstances which permitted him to throw off restraint and to show himself as he was. She reports him to be a sympathetic person, easily moved to tears; to be, in fact, more like a sentimental German than an Englishman.

For public reasons it is doubtful if the Prince could have made a better choice than he did. The late Lord Houghton

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once said to the writer: "She is of great use to royalty here. She is pretty and sweet, and that is about all that is needed." Perhaps she is sweet because she is pretty. Beauty is a great power. The world cannot but look kindly upon it, and the beautiful one, as a consequence, looks back kindly at the world, which repays this amiable regard by looking still more kindly. Sweetness of temper does, of course, assist beauty. Furthermore, it helps to conserve it, which is very important, for beauty is proverbially short-lived. Certainly, the present Queen of England, in the gift of remaining beautiful, is one of the most extraordinary persons we have ever seen. It is, no doubt, true that the placid and even character of her mind has been one cause of the preservation of her beauty. She is no longer young; and yet the poets still call her beautiful, and may do so without hyperbole or the risk of a suggestion of exaggeration. I have paused in the preparation of this paper to look up Elizabeth's age at the time the poet shot that arrow at "a fair vestal throned by the West," and find she must have been verging upon sixty, by which time her passions and her genius must have played havoc with whatever attractions of the exterior she ever possessed. But Alexandra has had no genius and no violent thoughts and emotions to be the ruin of that beauty to which all the world renders homage. Her behaviour has been flawless. She is entitled to the gratitude of the English people for this, for it might have been otherwise. The King, without being at all the sort of man that scandalmongers have painted him, has, nevertheless, looked about him a good deal and has been aware that there were pretty women in the world besides his wife. Many a woman might have resented this. There are many ways by which a wife who thinks herself injured may make trouble. She may be angry and combative, as the late Empress of Austria is understood to have been; or she may be lachrymose and melancholy; or she may, by flirtations of her own, seek to escape that *ennui* which to many women is so unsupportable. But the Queen has done none of these things. She has given herself up to, and found her pleasure in, the usual life of an English lady. She is fond of country life, of her dogs, her horses, her cattle, and, above all, of her children. The English public was deeply touched by the story of the strong affection between the mother and her eldest son, whom she lost. The picture of that young man shows him to be much like her and to have had the qualities she possesses, a great natural kindness and amiability. He looked much more like her family than that of his father.

The traits of her Majesty may be studied in the other members of her family, her brothers and her sisters. They are very much alike. Without being clever or ambitious, they are good and amiable. The Princess Dagmar, a beautiful woman, living in a country where the crown is absolute, has made no effort to influence the course of public affairs. She is, like her sister, a devoted mother. She is said to pass much of her time sitting on divans and smoking cigarettes, which is Russian, and not English. If she were living in England, she would be looking after a dairy. The Queen's brother, the King of Greece, is noted throughout Europe as a pleasant fellow. A young New York architect told me the other day a characteristic story of him. The young architect was at a private ball in Athens, waltzing energetically with a pretty young lady, who had a nose much like that we see on old Greek coins, when his heel came down on somebody's toe behind him, the injured person making an involuntary outcry. The young man turned and saw it was the King. He was, of course, much confused and was profuse in his apology. But the King, to whom he had not been introduced, put his hands upon his two shoulders and set him spinning again, after the manner of a top. It is as that kind of man that King George is known to the Athenians. I have spoken of the family as not being ambitious. It may be thought that, for people who are unambitious, they have done pretty well. The Danish crown prince has married a very rich Swedish princess, two sisters have married, respectively, the Tsar and the King of England, a third has married the Duke of Cumberland, who has one of the great fortunes of Europe, and a brother is the King of Greece. It seems to have been a very successful family. But I think I have noticed that making great and rich marriages seems to run

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in families. At least, I have observed that to be the case with people who are not royal. If one brother or sister makes a rich marriage, the others are likely to do the same. Perhaps some clever mother manages for them all. Or it may be that when one makes such a marriage it puts it into the heads of the others. Then, no doubt, one or two good marriages in a family make it easier to arrange such affairs for the rest.

That there are so few Protestant princesses in Europe may have been one cause of the matrimonial good fortune of the Denmark family. Their beauty was another, perhaps the chief, cause. Beauty is no more plentiful among princesses than among other classes of women. Where there are so few to choose from it is not likely that many examples of rare beauty will be found. It is for this reason that Queen Alexandra is not soon likely to find a rival among the royal ladies resident in England. So far as the attractions of her nature and disposition are concerned, it is impossible that she should find a rival in the affections of the English people.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW ORLEANS

DESCRIBED AND SKETCHED BY WALTER HALE.

The January number of THE BOOKMAN contained a map by Paul Wilstach, setting forth the recently staked literary claims in the United States, and to Mr. Harris Dixon he allots a section of Louisiana. Many others have written of this part of the country, and more particularly of the picturesque old city at the mouth of the Mississippi. Madame Harriet Martineau's notes on American travel, with a vivid description of the social life in New Orleans at the time, were published back in the thirties, and Grace King's *Balcony Stories* and history of the city show a keen appreciation of the romantic and stirring episodes that have added to its literary value.

In the eyes of the general reading public, however, the writer whose claim upon New Orleans and the surrounding part of the State seems most clearly defined is Mr. George W. Cable; his title has been won by a series of remarkably clever tales, in which, while the movement of his story has never been sacrificed, he has wandered from the plot long enough to indulge in delightful descriptions of the queer old houses, narrow streets, hanging balconies and the generally lazy atmosphere of the old town. His familiarity with the creole type, through years of association, gives him a command of the dialect that adds greatly to the zest of his books. At times he has gone to the towns and plantations along the river for his locale, as in *Bonaventure* and his latest novel of importance, *John March, Southerner*.

But New Orleans, with its wealth of historic associations, with its contrasts of colour, with its conglomerate mixture of types and dialects—the creole, of course, predominating—has claimed his best effort, and it is to his stories of the city that he owes his fame. It has even been said that in his desire to write of things as he found them, to bring out all the foibles and weaknesses and eccentricities of some of his characters, he has given offence among the creoles here and there; but this seems to be a rumour without substance. At any rate, he has given to literature a collection of stories dealing with an atmosphere and life with which we in the North are unfamiliar; he strikes a wonderfully tender note with the childless old couple in *The Taxidermist*. *The Grandissimes* is rich in local colour and character drawing, there are touches of mingled strength and humour in *Posson Jone*, and no one, whether or not he has experienced a yellow-fever epidemic, can read *The Entomologist* without a sympathetic appreciation of the horror of the scourge.

Mr. Cable has gone for most of his material to that part of New Orleans known as the French quarter—or the creole quarter, if you like. It is separated from the more modern part of the city by Canal Street, where the rough stones of a year ago have recently been replaced

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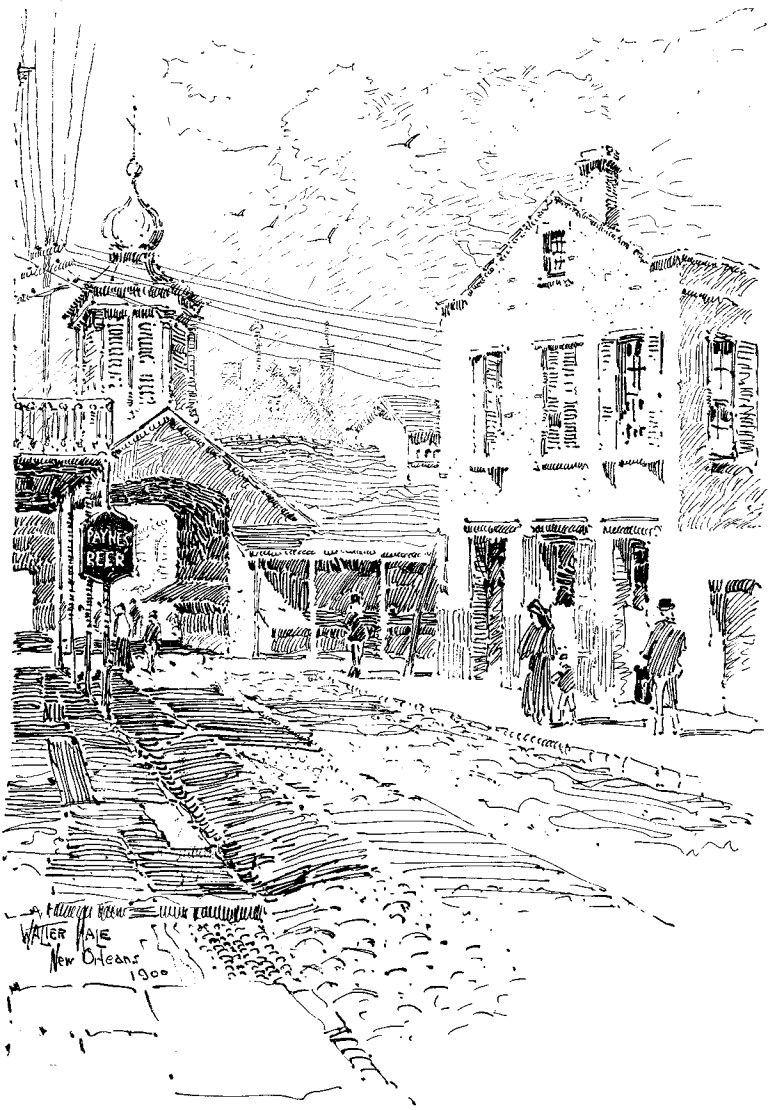
by asphalt, and clanging electric cars now rumble over what, in the old days, was the sluggish stream, clogged with rank vegetation, from which the thoroughfare was named. Even this new part of the town is old enough to be interesting, although high buildings and up-to-date hotels, with two new theatres to replace the historic St. Charles and Academy, have ousted many of the old landmarks. Poydras Market, however, is still standing, a picturesque, ramshackle edifice with an archway over the street, beneath which, in the shade, some of the venders' booths are placed. A cupola above seems always tangled with the telegraph wires that cross the square, and the houses about show signs of decay. "The site of old Jean Gravier's house was hidden behind Poydras Market," says Mr. Cable in *The Creoles of Louisiana,* which gives an added interest to the neighbourhood, for the house is supposed to be the one that he made the home of brave old "Jean-ah-Poquelin." Poydras Canal has disappeared long since, and paved streets



"THE SITE OF OLD JEAN GRAVIER'S HOUSE WAS HIDDEN BEHIND POYDRAS MARKET."—"THE CREOLES OF LOUISIANA."

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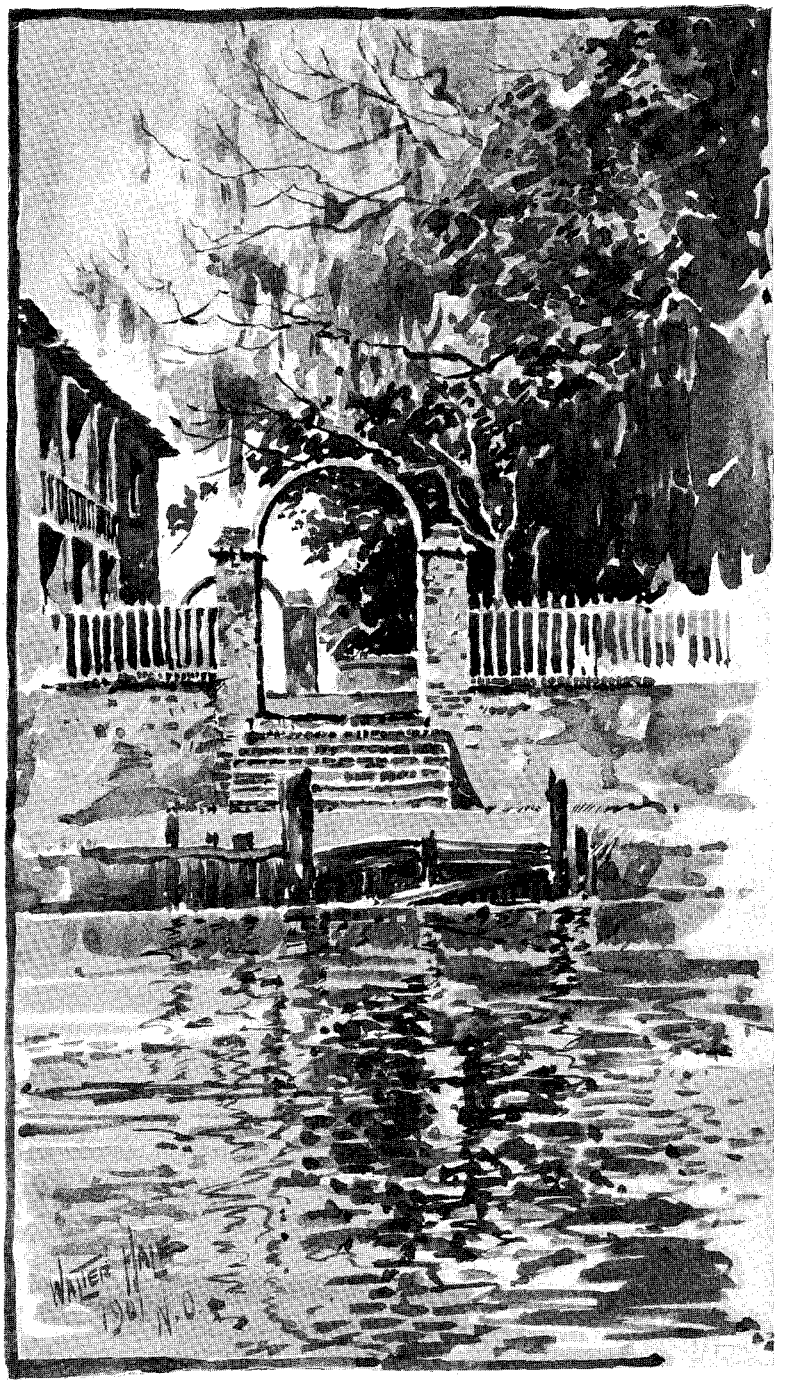
cross what were once the indigo fields; while the old plantation house, which rose above "rankling ponds choked with bulrushes, flags and pickerel weed," is lost entirely—it was a spooky place, and in its last days became the rendezvous for a number of desperate characters.

This is one of the ancient neighbourhoods in the newer town; let us cross Canal Street to the "quarter" and look up



GATEWAY, SPANISH FORT.—"POSSON JONE."

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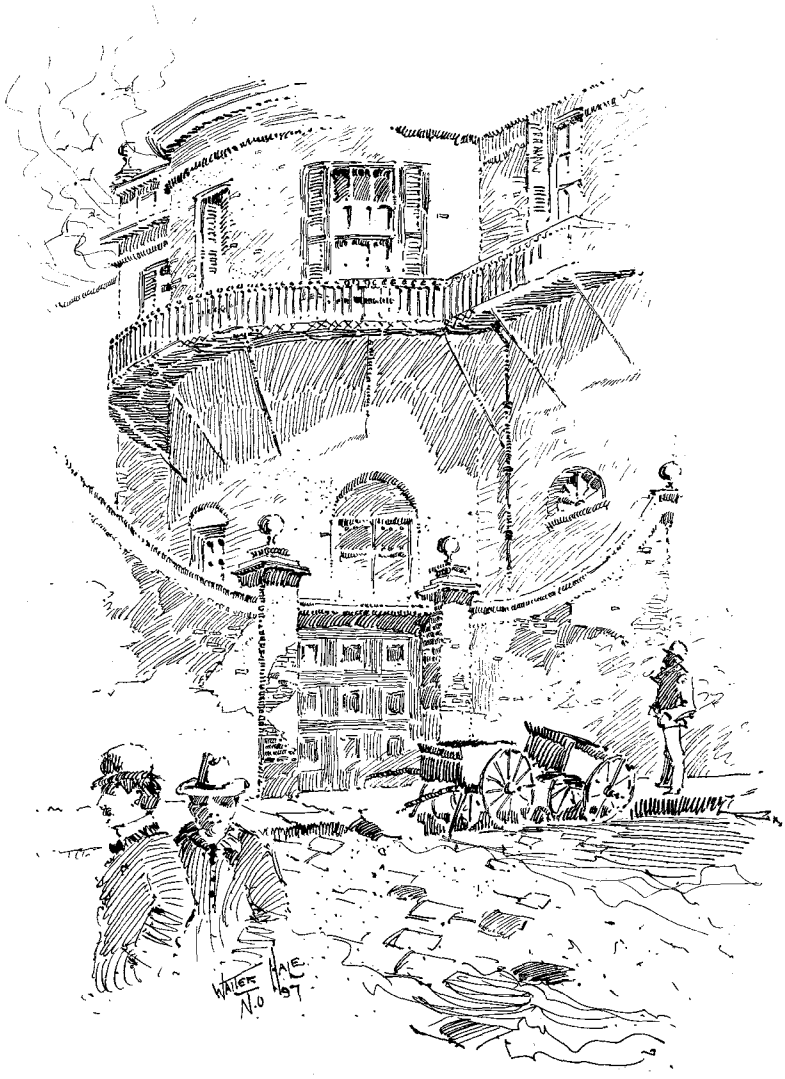

OLD GATEWAY, CONTI STREET, NEAR ROYAL.

the restaurants that have replaced the Café de Poésie, the Café des Exilés, the Café des Réfugées, the Sucking Calf, the Veau-qui-tête and the other places that have become familiar in his stories.

In the first place, that charming haunt of the refugees from San Domingo, the Café des Exilés, is no more. In a note to the writer Mr. Cable said it was really in Rampart Street, but that he placed it in Burgundy "for reasons." Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, in an article on "The Scenes of Cable's Romances," with sketches by Joseph Pennell, published in the *Century* in 1883, says: "The visitor to New Orleans must vainly look for the window of Pauline, 'well up in the angle of the broad side-gable, shaded by its rude awning of clapboards as the eyes of an old dame are shaded by her wrinkled hand.' Scarcely a week ago from the time at which I write the antiquated cottage that used to 'squat right down on the sidewalk . . .' was ruthlessly torn away, together with its oleanders and palmettos and pomegranates, to make room, no doubt, for some modern architectural platitude."

And the same fate has befallen most of the other little restaurants—the Café de Poésie is, by the same authority, now a hat shop; the Veau-qui-tête, Mr. Cable

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believes, is still standing; but the Café des Refugées and all the others have crumbled away or been so completely changed architecturally that none of their old characteristics are visible.

In their places have risen more pretentious resorts, where much of the life of the town can be found, and where the service and cooking are still distinctly French. Antoine's, on St. Louis Street (the street is frequently mentioned in *The Grandissimes*), is popular with the artists from the Opera House, and is famous for *escargot* and numerous delicacies to tempt the creole palate, while Madame Bégué, whose quaint little place was originally known only to the butchers from the French Market near by, now serves a breakfast that attracts people from all parts of the country. In her guest book are the signatures of Eugene Field, Frank R. Stockton, James Lewis and other famous patrons of the establishment.

The Hotel de la Louisiane (Madame Bésaudan), Victor's and the Restaurant de Paris all have an atmosphere of other days. In any of these places, at the

SPANISH HOUSES ON ROYAL STREET NEAR FROWENFELD'S CORNER.

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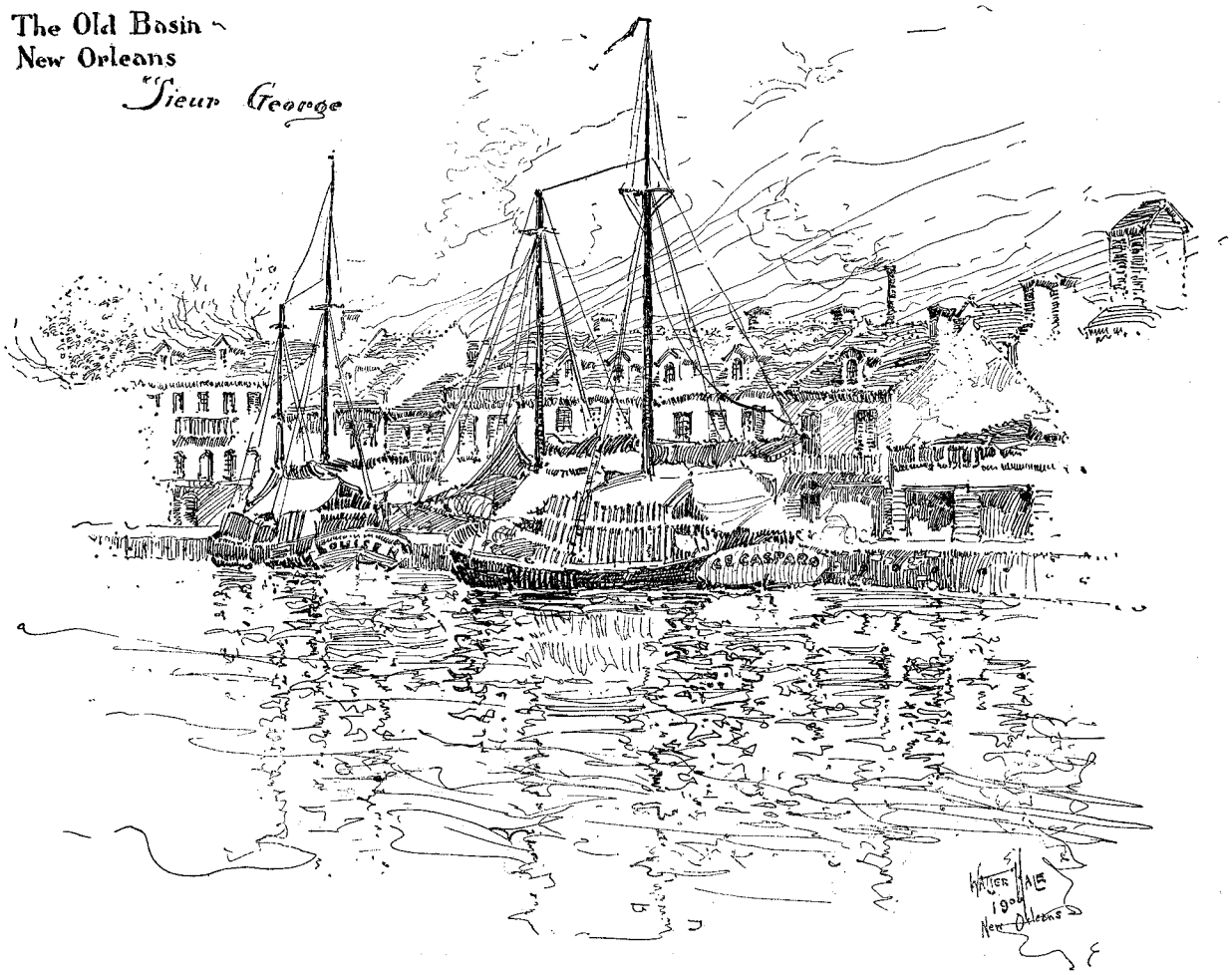
The Old Basin
New Orleans

"Sieur George



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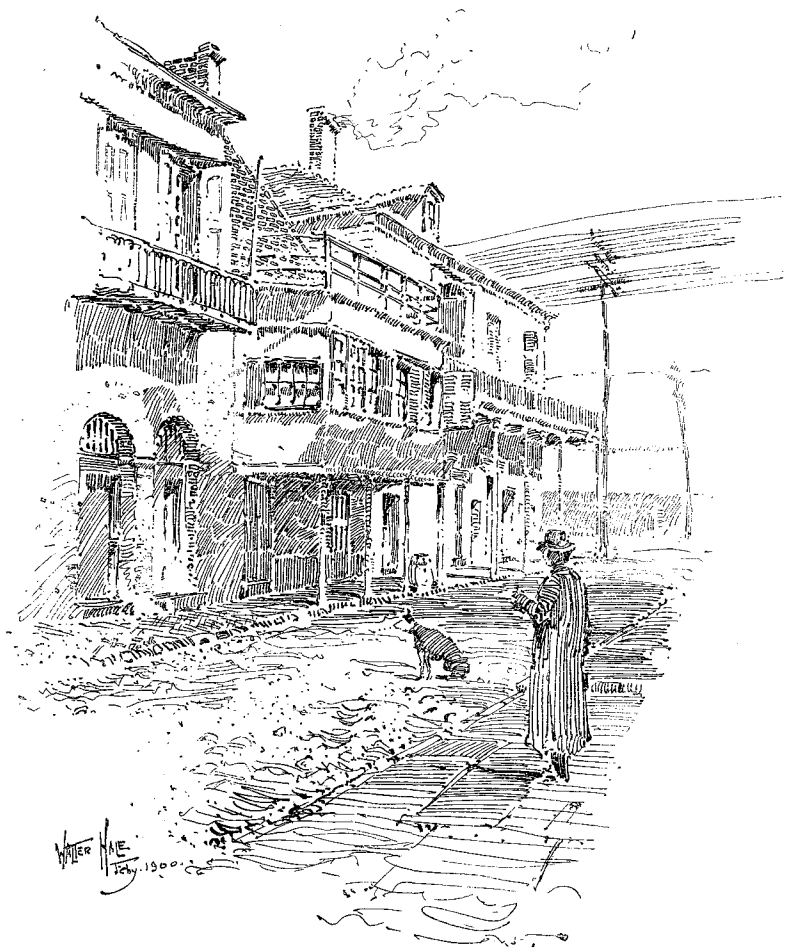
luncheon or dinner hour, one can find representatives of all sorts and classes of people, from the business man to the bearded baritone of the French Opera House; from the old creole who comes from his shop around the corner, to the bookmaker from the races, who has had a good day and is treating his friends.

Who has read *The Gandissimes* without remembering "Frowenfeld's corner"? There is a quaint old house still standing at Royal and Conti Streets with a picturesque gateway that might once have been the little pharmacy around which so much of the story is written, and beyond, on Royal Street, is a group of low Spanish houses so old, so crumbled and weather-stained that it is easy to see they have stood at least the seventy or eighty years that have elapsed since Jules St. Ange, "Posson Jone's" friend, lounged in the sunlight on the corner.

With its irregular sky line, its tangle of gables and twisted chimneys, of overhanging eaves and wrought-iron balconies, and, above all, with its wealth of colour—reds and greens and yellows picked out by purple shadows—Royal Street is a favourite background of Mr. Cable's romances. It has suffered less from modern buildings than the other thoroughfares in the neighbourhood, and looks more as it did before "the garish day that changed the Rue Enghien into Ingine Street and dropped the 'e' from Royale."

It has been associated with the characters in most of his stories, with Madame



NEAR THE FRENCH MARKET, BÉGUÉ'S RESTAURANT IN THE FOREGROUND.
—"POSSON JONE."

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Delphine, with Palmyre, with Madame Délicieuse, with Agricole and Honoré Grandissime and with Frowenfeld. 'Sieur George lived in a cracked old building at the corner of Royal and St. Peter—in the latter street was the taxidermist's shop where Madame Manenvrier sewed while Pastropbon "stuff de lill' bird"— and near St. Philip, on Royal, is the site of the little cottage where Dr. Mossy lived. Near here also was the "Haunted House of Royal Street," with its recollection of Madame Lalauri and her wild drive out the Esplanade to escape the fury of the mob.

The streets near Canal, particularly Bienville (mentioned in "Attalie Brouillard") and Custom House, once the Rue Douane, suffer from the evidences of modern American invasion; concert halls, gilded noisy saloons, cheap restaurants and the like, and the solemn houses with their old balconies must look down on the doings below with horror.

Bourbon Street is both busy and picturesque. It plays a part in many of Mr.

"THE OLD RUE BOURBON, ONLY A SHORT WAY BELOW CANAL STREET, THE CITY'S CENTRE"—BONAVENTURE —"AU LARGE."

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Cable's stories, particularly in "Au Large." Walking toward the Esplanade are more memories of the people he has created. Toulouse Street appears frequently in *The Grandissimes,* and by turning to the right, on St. Louis Street, which was the home of Dr. Keene, one of the most interesting characters in the novel, one can walk, as Clémence did, to the Place d'Armes, where society was

"DR. KEENE LIVED IN THE RUE ST. LOUIS."—"THE GRANDISSIMES."

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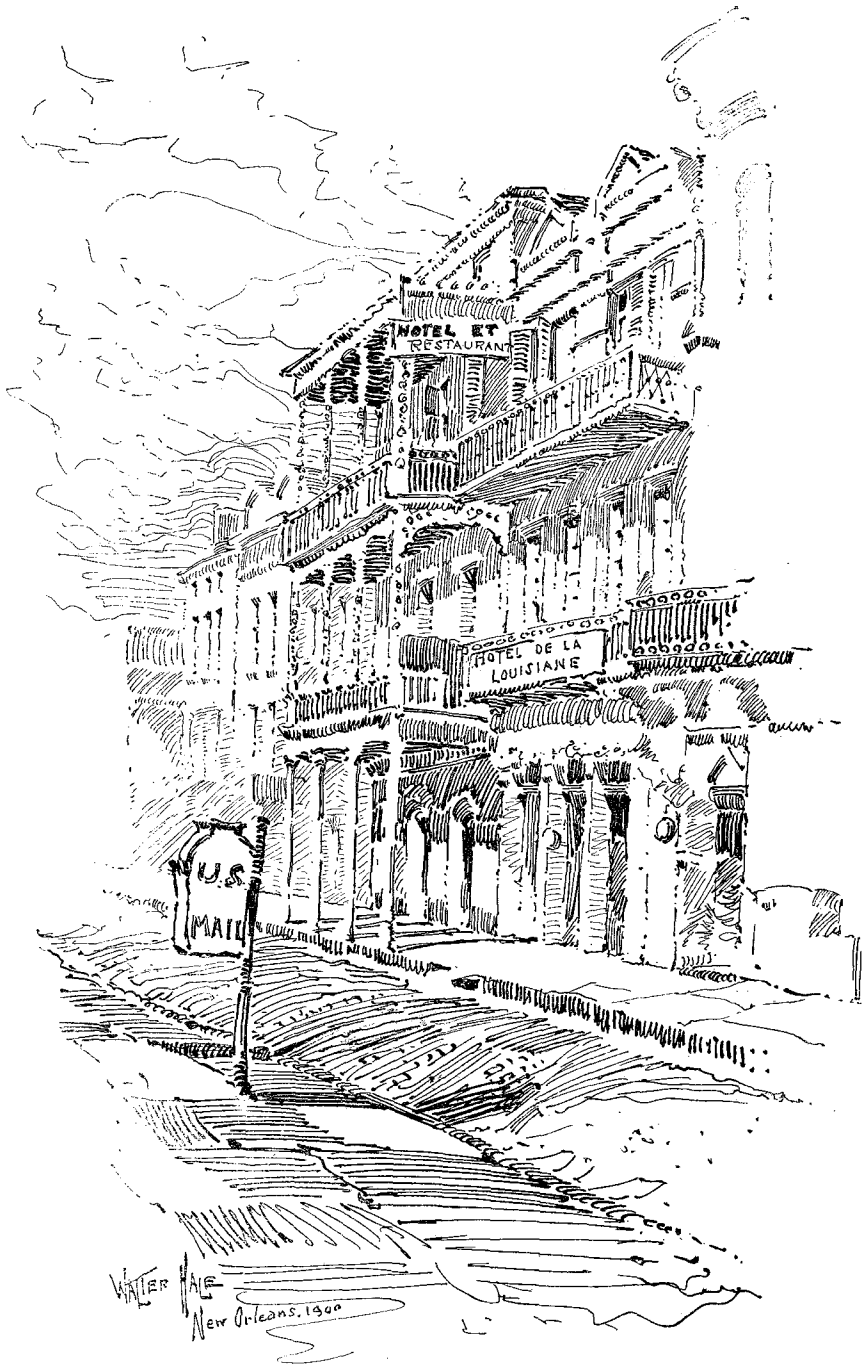
wont to ride and drive in old creole days. Here Honoré Grandissime and Frowenfeld had many a chat beneath the lime trees before the iron fence appeared and the open space became Jackson Square.

The old Cabildo and Cathedral facing it are two most attractive examples of the early architecture of the city. They are as prominent in the actual history of New Orleans as they are in the romances Mr.



CUSTOM-HOUSE, FORMERLY DOUANE STREET.—"THE GRANDISSIMES."

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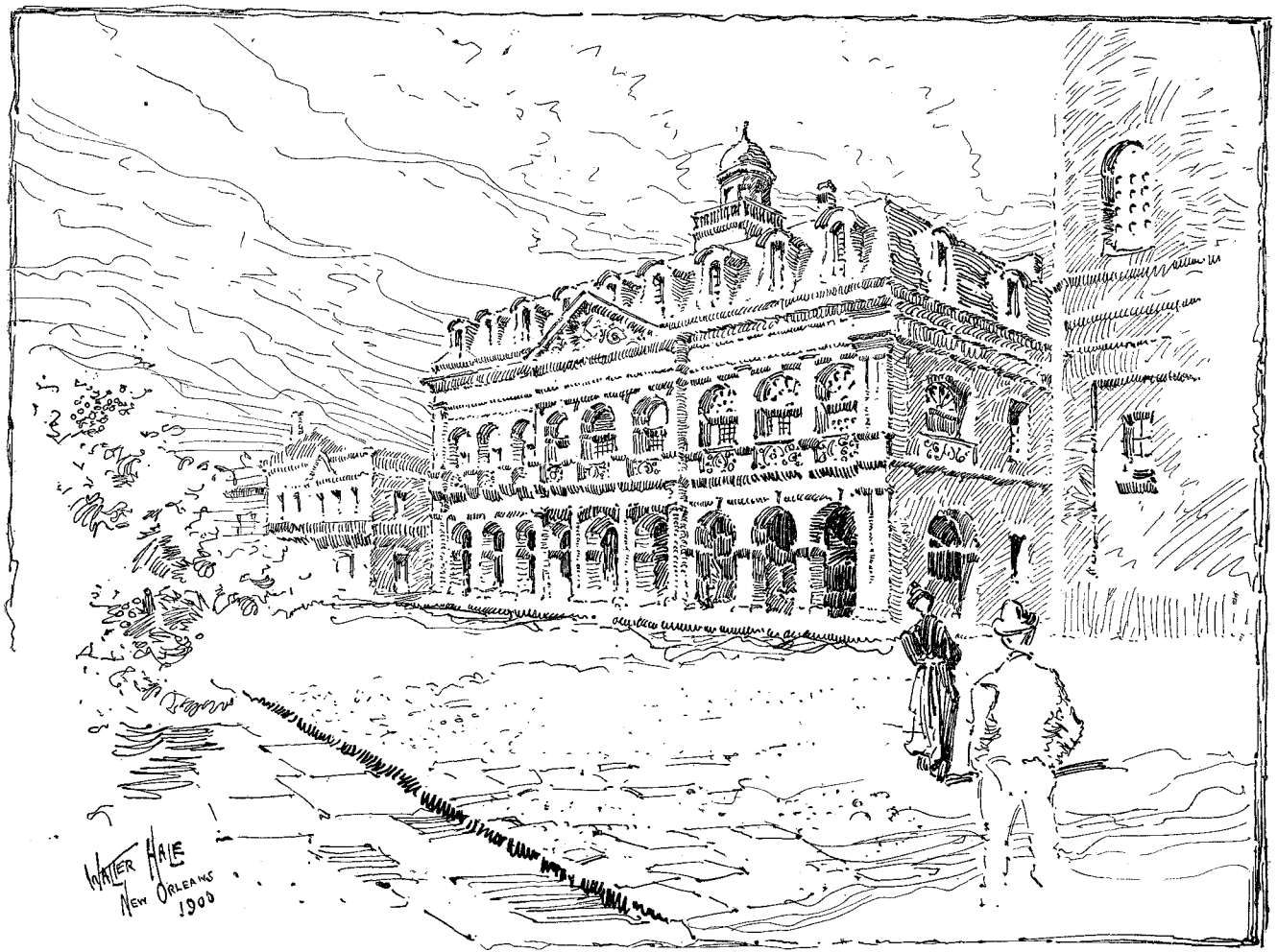

"THE OLD SPANISH CABILDO THAT FACES JACKSON SQUARE."—"STRANGE, TRUE STORIES OF LOUISIANA."

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Cable has woven about it. St. Louis Cathedral appears in "Belles Demoiselles Plantation," "Jean-ah-Poquelin" and "'Tite Poulette" and the picturesque Spanish Cabildo in many of his other stories.

There are a host of memories of the old glory of the town clustered about what was once the Place d'Armes, and the statue of General Jackson in the centre is a constant reminder of that last battle of the War of 1812, when he held his position against the flower of the British army. The neighbourhood of the square remains, as Mr. Cable says, "the last lurking place of the romance of primitive New Orleans."

In the other direction from Royal Street are the houses of the quadroon quarter, and beyond lies the wide and sunshiny Rampart Street, with its narrow avenue of trees and grass in the middle. The Old Basin is in this neighbourhood, with a row of tumble-down houses on one side and picturesque charcoal schooners lying idly in the stream. It is interesting because of its artistic possibilities and its connection with "'Sieur George," for the body of the "long gentleman" was pulled from its depths.

"A cluster of villas behind the city, nestled under live oaks and magnolias," is the way the author has described the suburb St. Jean, which naturally is on the banks of the Bayou St. John of to-day. The old white-shelled bayou road was a fashionable driveway, and the pillared and gabled houses of the neighbourhood are half colonial, half Spanish in character. "Posson Jone" and his negro servant sailed out on the bayou on the Isabella schooner, and here Dr. Keene landed after his vain search for health beyond the lake.

Some distance from the centre of the town, but quickly reached by the cars, is Spanish Fort, a crumbling structure whose walls on one side rise abruptly out of the water. Lying on the embankment are a number of dismantled cannon, half covered by earth and fallen leaves, while the great trees above throw their shadows over the historic spot, their branches festooned with hanging grey moss.

Near the fort, in a cleared space, was located Cayetano's circus, where "Posson Jone" preached to a mixed crowd of sailors and townsfolk and then marched before them with a struggling tiger in his arms. "The circus was not a fiction of Mr. Cable's imagining," says Mr. Hearn; "such a show existed about 1816; it came from Havana, and was popular for a number of seasons.

Down the river, near the levee, is the Ursuline Convent; the story of the nuns is a part of the city's history; the buildings are old, but not strikingly picturesque; the convent is mentioned in "François and Susanne," "'Tite Poulette" and other stories.

The Condé Street ballroom, where the bloods of the town gathered years ago, and the Café des Exiles, with its gallery of interesting characters, have disappeared, while Burgundy, Bienville, Royal and Toulouse Streets are no longer prominent in the city's social life. Were the characters, real and imaginary, that Mr. Cable has drawn, to walk again about their old haunts, they would find much that was familiar and a great deal more that was new and strange to them. The old custom of tacking the black-bordered death notices to every convenient post and telegraph pole is still in vogue, and there are other evidences of the early Franco-Spanish days about the streets. Nor has the lazy life gone entirely; women gossip from balcony to balcony, while the men loaf on the *banquettes*, discussing the news of the day, showing their interest by many shrugs and gesticulations. But few are without occupation; the spirit of commercialism is creeping into the quarter. It was not so long ago that a friend called the writer's attention to a bootmaker's shop in one of the narrow alleys; the man had evidently been studying the up-to-date conversational advertisements in the daily papers, and his sign, which was in French, of course, would read, translated literally, "Oh, my God! Shoes half soled for fifty cents!"

Walter Hale.

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A NOTE ON STEPHEN CRANE

Not long ago, the New York *Evening Post,* in an editorial discussing "The Decay of Decadence," grouped the late Stephen Crane, as a poet, with the Symbolists of France and England. I was struck by the association, for the reason that I happened to be familiar with the peculiar circumstances under which *The Black Riders and Other Lines,* from which a quotation is made in the editorial, had come to be written. As a matter of fact, at the time of writing that volume it is probable that Mr. Crane had never even heard of the Symbolists; if he had heard of them, it is pretty certain that he had never read them. He was then about twenty-one years of age, and he was wofully ignorant of books. Indeed, he deliberately avoided reading from a fear of being influenced by other writers. He had already published *Maggie,* his first novel, and by sending it to Mr. Hamlin Garland he had made an enthusiastic friend. Through Mr. Garland he met several other writers, among them Mr. W. D. Howells. One evening while receiving a visit from Mr. Crane, Mr. Howells took from his shelves a volume of Emily Dickinson's verses and read some of these aloud. Mr. Crane was deeply impressed, and a short time afterward he showed me thirty poems in manuscript, written, as he explained, in three days. These furnished the bulk of the volume entitled *The Black Riders.* It was plain enough to me that they had been directly inspired by Miss Dickinson, who, so far as I am aware, has never been classed with the Symbolists. And yet, among all the critics who have discussed the book, no one, to my knowledge, at any rate, has called attention to the resemblance between the two American writers. It is curious that this boy, feeling his way toward expression as he was then doing, should have been stimulated by so simple and so sincere a writer as Miss Dickinson into unconscious cooperation with the decadent writers of Europe. Perhaps an explanation may be suggested by the association of Mr. Crane at this period with a group of young American painters, who had brought from France the impressionistic influences, which with him took literary form.

The Black Riders received comparatively little attention, though it was favourably noticed in THE BOOKMAN and in other periodicals, and it was ridiculed in several. Its publishers apparently made no effort to take advantage of the success achieved by Mr. Crane a few months later with *The Red Badge of Courage.* Few readers are now aware of its existence. Whatever may be thought of its qualities as verse, no one can dispute its being a curiosity of literature.

While writing of Mr. Crane, it may not be amiss to give a detail or two of his life which I have not seen in print. His bent toward the writer's career probably came from his mother, who, he once told me, had been a newspaper writer. It was his mother who secured for him his first chance to write regularly for money as a New Jersey correspondent for the New York *Tribune.* I think he said that she had held the post herself. I have a distinct recollection of Crane's remarking, with a humour made grim by his poverty at the time, that he had been discharged from the position of correspondent because he had given offence to some organisation of workingmen by writing satirically of one of their parades. For the *Tribune* he wrote some sketches which had all the qualities of observation, humour, and grotesque originality of expression that characterised much of his later work. At the time of his death he was acquiring from the world the education he had missed in his brief experience at college. Among other things, he was learning new words, fine words, the words that most writers know and never use. He snatched at them as a child snatches at bits of flashing jewelry, and he stuck them into his stories with a splendid disregard of their fitness. *Whilomville Stories,* one of his latest books, instead of being written in the simple language suitable to the child-life described, is full of such words; they fairly stick out of the page. If Mr. Crane had lived a few years longer, he would undoubtedly have stored those words in his memory, kept them shut up there, and returned to plain speech.

John D. Barry.

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THE "NEWS" ELEMENT IN MODERN FICTION

Great novels present types, not exceptions, but the exceptional, or the "news" element, has always made and continues to make popular novels. The character of this element has changed, however, to correspond with the increasing sophistication of the general reader. The childish intelligence wants in fiction something strange as well as new; the cultivated intelligence prefers a novel aspect of something with which it is familiar. The general reader, with more or less childish tastes, but some education, still likes wonder-stories, but realises that he can no longer get them. His acquaintance with history and letters convinces him that all stories in their essence have been told before, and that the only hope of novelty is in technical setting. So he takes the historical novel or the specialised study of domestic or of foreign manners in the same way that he takes his newspaper. And his appetite for the news in fiction grows by what it feeds on, so that to provide him a square meal the modern novelist must be a particularly hard-working and enterprising reporter.

The reporter's concern is with facts and with details, the more minute the better. These he must present in superficially effective form, but in colourless language, for his own personality must be suppressed; therefore, he seeks bizarre facts which can be worked up in picturesque detail. The modern novelist has rather a freer rein, but his method is a good deal like this. He, too, writes with a view to head-lines, and his aim is to startle even more than to convince. The demand of the reader of novels to be startled or "amused" is as old as any story; his demand to be convinced is modern. That is to say, the susceptibilities of the modern reader having become rather horny, impressions must be driven in upon them with a firm hand. The novelist of to-day must grasp his subject like a hammer, with the air of having mastered it completely; he must get a reputation as an authority in his own chosen line. Of course, he specialises, tries for a "field," or at least a little unworked corner of one all to himself, and the evidence that he has done the required amount of work on this ground is an accumulation of detail. The more nearly he can approach the impersonally authoritative and detailed manner in which a great newspaper presents a news story, the more likely he is to score.

The manners and customs of the natives of the Arctic circle are news to a newspaper, just as the manners and customs of domestic thieves or toughs are; and may serve equally as literary material to the novelist whose aim is news, and who, note-book in hand, penetrates the waste places of the earth, seeking new types and new vocabularies. Each type nowadays must positively be accompanied by a vocabulary, none else being regarded as genuine. It would not be worth the modern author's while to offer any strange tale of the anthropophagi, unless he were prepared to state exactly how an anthropophagus seasons his food and, in italics, what he says when it is not cooked to his liking.

The demand for the superficially picturesque in new scenes and curious detail accounts not only for such notes of the globe-trotter and for slum stories, but also for the historical novel, which is now so prevalent. Here the novelist finds a noble opportunity for the display of learning which the public loves. With a knowledge of his public, however, and though he aims to gratify the thirst for miscellaneous information which nowadays apparently impels people to read stories, the historical novelist treats history itself very cavalierly; for facts about events and personages which may be obtained from encyclopædias are not, unless specially treated, news. He bends all his efforts, therefore, to interweaving with the warp of familiar names a web of the unfamiliar, which lends to the whole the desired air at once of novelty and verisimilitude. He projects upon the canvas of a historical scene carefully composed the figure of an imaginary heroine, say, and to give to airy nothing a local habitation depends upon such details as: "Mistress Eunice wore a tabby petticoat of puce-colour, and her daffodilly curls flowed down under a love-hood of sarsenet." To nine out of ten, perhaps, of even gentle readers these phrases convey no definite picture, because they do not know offhand what "tabby" means nor what a love-hood is. But the novelist

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knows that they will feel they are getting something, and that he will have impressed them at least with the idea that he is more learned than they; and this is all-essential in these pedagogic days, when learning furnishes the only thrills of novelty attainable and when something new is to be found only by digging for it.

Such feats of the technical novelist are too much like the performance of the knight of old who, in full armour, swam a river, simply to show that he could do it. At every stroke he calls attention to the weight of his handicap. He moves under a load of facts, and the more he can accumulate, the more impressive figure he is confident of making. It is this attitude that justifies the contention of the critics whom Balzac quotes in the opening pages of his first famous novel: that "the vivid local colouring to which so much value is attached in these days . . . injures the representation of sentiments." And sentiments, after all, even though they may not be absolutely novel ones, are the proper study of the novelist.

Neith Boyce.

INTERLUDE

Alike to grief, to joy, to thrill of song,
To all the sweet futility of fears,
To pain of singing or to rapture strong,
To tremolo of hope or gift of tears,
Comes silence. Sweet amid the fire of morn
Is singing, and beneath white blossoms' fall,
But Silence, mother of all beauty born,
Shrines in a hush the tenderest note of all.
As unto day dusk brings beatitude,
To life is silence warder of the best;
O may Time's silent dusk—past tumult rude,
Past all regretting's bound, or sad unrest—
Love, gather to thy heart some thought that be,
Through winnowing of years, the best of me!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

THE CHINESE MOTHER GOOSE*

Professor Headland's book is interesting in several respects. It is excellently printed on special paper stamped with a design in faint colours of groups of Chinese children. Each nursery song has, in general, a page to itself, on which we find the original of the song in Chinese characters and its free translation into rhymed lines and usually a capital illustration. The illustrations are half-tone reproductions of photographs taken by the author especially for the book. Here we see grave little Chinese children in all their sober games and plays, with their nurses, their parents, and their proud grandparents, on the background of the ancient country of China. The pictures are sure to interest children, as well as their elders, and they form an important and original feature of the book. A few of them apparently show an American baby with its Chinese nurse, which is no harm, of course. The various street scenes, the bride and groom, the archer trying his bow, are especially instructive.

As to the translations, let Professor Headland speak:

> Let it be understood that these rhymes make no pretensions to literary merit, nor has the translator made any attempt at regularity in the metre, because neither the original nor our

*Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes; translated and illustrated by Isaac Taylor Headland, of Pekin University. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

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own "Mother Goose" is regular. Our desire has been to make a translation which is fairly true to the original, and which will please English-speaking children. The child, not the critic, has always been kept in view.

Attention is called to the affection manifested in such rhymes as "Sweeter than Sugar," "Sweet Pill," etc. There is no language in the world, we venture to believe, which contains children's songs expressive of more keen and tender affection than those we have mentioned. This fact, more than any other, has stimulated us in the preparation of these rhymes. They have been prepared with the hope that they will present a new phase of Chinese home life, and lead the children of the West to have some measure of sympathy and affection for the children of the East.

American children are to be the final judges of the success of the translations, then. Their elders may form an opinion from the following specimens:

SWEETER THAN SUGAR.

My little baby, little boy blue,
Is as sweet as sugar and cinnamon too;
Isn't this precious darling of ours
Sweeter than dates and cinnamon flowers?

SWEET PILL.

My big son,
My own boy,
Baby is a sweet pill,
That fills my soul with joy.

These are pure nursery jingles, and prove—if it is necessary—that the Chinese are fond parents. Perhaps it is necessary—we know so little of them. The Viceroy Chang in a recent book for Chinamen found it desirable to demonstrate for the benefit of his countrymen that Americans reverenced God, were kind to their parents and that the Ten Commandments reprobated adultery.

Here is another pretty verse:

THE BAT.

Bat, Bat, with your flowered shoes,
Come to us, here in the room.
This little girl will be the bride,
And I will be the groom.

One of the jingles—"Little Snail" on page 35—has the music to which it is sung accompanying.

Some of the translations are not satisfying. Melon is always spelled by Professor Headland "mellon," which is certainly an obsolete form; and "papa" and "mamma" are usually rhymed as if the accents were on their first syllables.

A child's vocabulary can scarcely be said to include the words "a nervous disposition" (page 33); and it is not especially desirable to enforce such phrases as "Was so mad he could cry" (page 52), "We'll put the pants on mamma's dear" (page 77), "He'd take up a stick and hit her a lick" (page 92), and the like. These expressions are certainly in the language, but it seems desirable to keep them out of children's books.

In the opinion of the reviewer, it would have been better to translate these nursery songs into prose, line by line, and to have avoided the shackles of rhyme. The following specimens have been liked by children, and they have a value that no rhymed translations possess. They are also straight from the nursery, and were given to the reviewer some twenty years ago by Tsai Sih Yung, an accomplished *attaché* of the Chinese Legation in Washington. The reader should note that the first three of them emphasise the value of education, and that the fourth is a Chinese "House that Jack built," with a warning to foreigners as a moral.

CHINESE NURSERY SONGS.

I. (TO A LITTLE BOY).

A little chick,
Its feather is very pretty;
A little child of three years old learns to sing a song;
Papa and mamma need not teach me,
I am so clever that I understand instinctively.

II. (TO A LITTLE GIRL).

Oy. Oy. Oy.*
Till my little baby grows up and marries a first-class scholar,
Or marries an official.
If you marry a Mandarin
You may sit in an official hall,
Or sit on a chair borne by eight persons.

III. (TO A LITTLE BOY).

Our Emperor appreciates talent.
You are taught to study literature.
The thousand trades are considered low in their character;
Literary study is the highest of all.

* "Oy" is "a sound of love."

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IV.

The moon brightly
Shines on the ground,
On the last evening of the year.
Pick up some betel-nuts,
Betel-nut is fragrant.
Pick up some ginger,
Ginger is hot.
Buy some melon,*
Melon is bitter.
Buy some sausages,
Sausage is fat.
Buy cow's skin,
Cow's skin is thin.
Buy some water-caltrops,†
Water-caltrops have points.
Buy a whip,
A whip is long,
As long as a ridge-pole.
The ridge-pole is high.
Buy a knife,
A knife is to cut vegetables.
Buy the cover to a basket,
The cover of a basket is round.
Buy a boat,
The boat has no bottom,
Two barbarian boys (in it) were drowned.

Edward S. Holden.

*Egg-plant. See Williams's Chinese Dictionary.

†Note: *Trapa bicornis*, an edible aquatic plant. See Williams's Chinese Dictionary.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

Collectors of autograph letters and manuscripts are often chary about having their treasures put into print. Mr. William Harris Arnold, who is disposing of his books and manuscripts, has, however, given us a free hand in making extracts from letters in his possession. This letter, by Washington Irving, has, apparently, never been published, unless it appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, to the editor of which it was addressed:

We have nothing new in these parts, excepting that there has been the deuce to pay of late in Sleepy Hollow; a circumstance, by the by, with which you of New York have some concern, as it is connected with your Croton Aqueduct. This work traverses a thick wood about the lower part of the Hollow, not far from the old Dutch haunted Church; and in the heart of the wood, an immense culvert, or stone arch, is thrown across the wizard stream of the Pocantico, to support the Aqueduct. As the work is unfinished, a Colony of Patlanders have been encamped about this place all winter, forming a kind of Patsylvania in the midst of a "wiltherness." Now whether it is that they have heard the old traditionary stories about the Hollow, which, all fanciful fabling and idle scribbling apart, is really one of the most haunted places in this part of the country; or whether the goblins of the Hollow, accustomed only to tolerate the neighborhood of the old Dutch families, have resented this intrusion into their solitude by strangers of an unknown tongue, certain it is that the poor Paddies have been most grievously harried for some time past by all kinds of apparitions. A waggon road cut through the woods and leading from their encampment past the haunted church, and so on to certain whisky establishments has been especially beset by fierce fiends; and the worthy Patlanders on their way home at night beheld misshapen monsters whisking about their paths, sometimes resembling men, sometimes boys, sometimes horses, but invariably without heads; which shews that they must be lineal descendants from the old goblin of the Hollow. These imps of darkness have grown more and more vexatious in their pranks; occasionally tripping up, or knocking down the unlucky object of their hostility. In a word the whole wood has become such a scene of spooking and diablerie that the Paddies will not any longer venture out of their shanties at night; and a whisky-shop in a neighboring village, where they used to hold their evening gatherings, has been obliged to shut up for want of custom. This is a true story and you may account for it as you please. The corporation of your city should look to it, for if this harrying continues I should not be surprised if the Paddies, tired of being cut off from their whisky, should entirely abandon the goblin region of Sleepy Hollow, and the completion of the Croton waterworks be seriously retarded.

This extract from a long letter by Mrs. Browning to Cornelius Mathews is of especial interest, as in it she expresses her great admiration for Tennyson. It is believed to be unpublished:

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For the future you shall have a better correspondent, if indeed my writing to you oftener can appear to you a better thing—and your indulgence will help you to understand, in the meantime, how a very weak hand, such as mine is, may be overworked in the preparation for the printing of a book, until it is forced to deny itself to the claims of private letters. Also from the latter part of January to April I am apt to be more shaken than usual by the visitations of our English climate and the influence of the east winds.—I have a heart which runs like a racehorse, leaps like a hunter, & stands still like a mule, all in the course of one morning—so that I am sometimes forced to be quiet, & think of life, death & the wind. Upon the whole, my health does improve, I think, and two summers now together might renew me, I fancy. But I live upon a point,--a spire of a church—liable to precipitation every instant—which is no reason, however, that I shd write so much about it.

Yes,—I will explain how impossible it was for me to escape the mortification of refusing to see your friend Mr. Belford. He wrote a very courteous letter to me when he found that I cd not see him, & amused me exceedingly by inquiring into the personal history of my relation Mr. Tennyson. Leigh Hunt, he said, had intimated somewhere that he was my relation!—Now I remember that Leigh Hunt in his 'Last of the Violets' (which, by the way, has just been republished by Moxon, together with his other collected poems) had the goodness to say of me

'I took her at first for a sister of Tennyson's,' and that poetical relationship which after all I have no better claim to, I fear, than lies in Mr. Hunt's 'gentilnesse,' is the only one existing between us. Indeed I never saw Mr. Tennyson in my life. So far in reply to your question—which made me smile again. And I have thanks upon thanks for you besides, for your kind words added to the mistake. As to the mistake, if I could make out a hundred & ninety-ninth cousinship a hundred & ninety-nine times removed from Alfred Tennyson, I would snatch at it, and frame my pedigree.

In the following letter Hawthorne declines to undertake a serial story or a series of short tales for some magazine editor:

As regards the proposition for twelve short tales, I shall not be able to accept it, because experience has taught me that the thought and trouble, experienced on that kind of production is vastly greater in proportion, than what is required for a long story.

I doubt whether my romances would succeed in the serial mode of publication; lacking, as they certainly do, the variety of interest and character which seem to have made the success of other works, so published. The reader would inevitably be tired to death of the one prominent idea, if presented to him under different aspects for a twelve month together. The effect of such a story, it appears [to] me, depends on its being read continuously. If, on completion of another work, it should seem fairly and naturally divisible into serial portions, I will think further of your proposal.

I have by me a story which I wrote just before leaving Lenox, and which I thought of sending to Dr. Bailey of the *National Era,* who has offered me $100 for an article. But, being somewhat grotesque in its character, and therefore not quite adapted to the grave and sedate character of that Journal, I hesitate about so doing, and will send it to the *International,* should you wish it at the price above mentioned. The story would make between twenty and thirty of such pages as Ticknor's edition of my books—hardly long enough, I think, to be broken into two articles for your magazine, but you might please yourself on that point. I cannot afford it for less than $100, and would not write another for the same price.

In the following letter to Professor Henry Reed, Emerson tells of his high appreciation of Wordsworth:

Your little condition affixed to the Contract, namely, that I should send you my opinion of Mr. Wordsworth's Genius has checked my readiness to send you my mite for the tablet, until this time; for I have been in New York two days, & there is no time in Philadelphia, I find, for a stranger;—no time there to sit and sum his obligations to the solitariest & wisest of poets. I do not know but I must defer it altogether to a silent hour, by & by, far from cities. It is very easy to see, that to act so powerfully in this practical age, he needed, with all his oriental abstraction, the indomitable vigor rooted in animal constitution, for which his countrymen are marked. Otherwise, he could not have resisted the deluge streams of their opinion with success. One would say, he is the only man among them who has not in any point succumbed to their way of thinking, & has prevailed. I mean not consciously confuted,—for his church & state, though genuine enough in him, I

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look upon as the limitations & not the excellence of his genius.

Rather than not write, I will send this rude note, reserving my right to communicate a more considered ballot, as soon as I find a quiet half hour to rejoice in my remembrances of this old benefactor.

This letter, written by Robert Browning to Moncure D. Conway, refers to a series of advance proofs which Browning afterward sent him. Conway, evidently, wished to prepare an early review of the book. This is printed from advance sheets of Mr. Arnold's catalogue, where the letter is for the first time put into type.

I am, now even, hardly in a position to say exactly what I can do about the sheets; still the presumption is that I may be able to let you have them in the course of next week. It is arranged that *two* volumes shall appear in the U. S. on Dec. 1: & the third & fourth, also together, on March 1. Hence the publication of vol. 2. will anticipate the appearance of the English edition by a month. I have, therefore, to furnish you with *the whole* of the half, if it would be of service, and I do so —on the stipulation, now obligatory,—since the property in the poem is no longer mine, on either side of the Atlantic,—that, *here,* you make no use of the *second* volume before its appearance (nor, of course, of the first)—and, in America, that you engage to give nothing that may *precede* the regular publication of reviews,—and that you will be expressly answerable for your directions on this head being obeyed by the editor of the newspaper which you furnish with criticism,—on this stipulation,—if you will please to repeat it,—I will send the sheets. You know very certainly that, so far as yourself are concerned, I need no such assurance: but I should be seriously in fault if I omitted these precautions, and, by a misunderstanding anywhere, really broke my engagements,—to which it would amount. *Here* I am in no anxiety,—but it will be for you to take care,—by abstaining from any premature transmission of your M.S.,—that nobody can possibly pretend to mistake your intentions, and so subject me to treatment I should least like. Will you kindly inform me on all these points? I was sorry to miss your visit the other afternoon.

Ever most truly yours

ROBERT BROWNING.

I have said only the business—saying only what I am bound to be precise about: why should I add, what you must understand so well, that, for the rest, I value properly the attention you will give, and the sympathy, to my work? My own interest that you should put them into play, as you have so often done, is so obvious that I dwell the more determinedly on the other side of the question. Pray remember me to Mrs. Conway.

FOREIGN AUTHORS IN AMERICA

PART IV.

One of the negotiators of the treaty which settled the Oregon question was Sir Henry Bulwer, a brother of the novelist and himself an author of no mean quality, who during his residence at Washington had for his private secretary a youth of eighteen, then fresh from Harrow, who later became first Earl and second Baron Lytton, and is known in literature as "Owen Meredith." Not long after Sir Henry's tour of service in Washington came to an end, Lord Elgin, at that time governor-general of Canada, dwelt for some months at the American capital. Elgin's errand was also a treaty-making one, and he brought in his train a young man of twenty-five, who now holds a unique and individual place in the history of his time.

This was Laurence Oliphant, the son of an eminent East Indian judge, who gave a new turn to a curiously varied career when, in 1853, he became private secretary to Lord Elgin, and came with him to Washington. After several months spent in the States he went with his chief to Canada, and as Indian commissioner travelled extensively through the Northwest, a trip which resulted in an amusing and delightful book called *Minnesota, or the Far West.* Returning to England in 1855, he was in time to go out to the Crimea, but could not prevail upon the British Minister at Constanti-

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nople to send him on a special mission to the renowned Caucasian leader, Schemyl. From the Crimea Oliphant again turned his steps to America, travelled through the Southern States, and at the instance of Pierre Soulé joined an expedition to reinforce Walker, the filibuster, in Nicaragua.

The opportune intervention of a British man-of-war, commanded by his cousin, was the means of detaching him from that ill-starred undertaking, and we next find him with Lord Elgin's mission to China. From the latter country he went over to Japan, there to become English *chargé d'affaires* and nearly to lose his life at an assassin's hand. To the next four years of his life belong visits to Poland, Montenegro and Palestine, active interest in the Italian uprising and intimate acquaintance with Garibaldi, after which he returned to England, published a novel, delivered lectures, had much social success and was elected a member of Parliament.

To Oliphant there now seemed opening a future of much distinction—few men have been endowed with so rare a combination of the gifts that may be turned to the best worldly advantage—but just as success awaited him he surrendered all for the sake of the astonishing delusion that was to colour and shape the future lives of himself, his mother and his wife. This delusion was faith in the religious dogmas that found practical

EDMUND HODGSON YATES.

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DR. W. H. ("BULL RUN") RUSSELL.

exemplification in the community which an enthusiast named Harris established at Brocton, New York, on the south shore of Lake Erie. Given from childhood to close, almost morbid, self-examination, with religion as he saw it practised, Oliphant had become more and more dissatisfied and more and more convinced of the essential selfishness at the root of all human conduct. In this state of mind, a state that found trenchant utterance in the novel of *Picadilly,* he met Harris, heard him preach, and accepted the opportunity Harris held out to him to surrender all and live the "unselfish life." For Harris and his brotherhood the parliamentary career was abandoned, as well as society and all that the world held for him, including his property, and to America Oliphant came to take up the ascetic and joyless life led at Brocton. There the favourite of society, the courted guest, the brilliant writer and still more delightful conversationalist, lived during five years the lot of a common labouring man—a farm servant, in fact—but under a discipline as rigid and well-nigh as unsociable as that of La Trappe.

Nor was this the most pathetic part of the story. Oliphant's wife and mother, both women of beautiful and noble character, also fell under the spell of Harris; cast in their lot with the Brocton people, and gave themselves up to menial labour, privation and the bitterest mortifications. All the wife's property passed into Harris's hands, where the husband's had gone before. After that they were parted, the one being sent to England and the other to California, apparently for no other purpose than to keep the width of the world between them. So it went on until proofs of financial crookedness were so thrust upon them that the scales fell from their eyes. Then the wife returned to England and joined her husband. Behind in Brocton remained

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the aged mother, her health broken past mending. Her son hastened to her side, and for her health made a journey to California, where the mother soon died and was laid to rest. Steps were now taken to recover the property of the Oliphants that had passed into the keeping of Harris. It was a long process, but it finally succeeded, and Harris was compelled to return to them the larger part of their fortunes.

After his return to the world, Laurence Oliphant was for a time the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, and then for several years he managed the American interests of the Direct Cable Company. To this period of his career belongs *The Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy*, a satire on American society, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine* without the author's name. The writing and the publication of this singular book, revealing as it did many most confidential secrets, only learned by a friend admitted to household intimacy, and bearing a most unfriendly set of sketches of young girls whom the author knew through the kind hospitality of their parents, can only be accounted for as the fruits of the sorrow and bitterness experienced by Oliphant at loss of faith in the delusions that had so long held him captive. Indeed, he somewhere refers to "the state of deep depression and misery to which the writing of this book had been a sort of safety valve," and he afterward atoned in part for its wrong-mindedness by the clever novel of *Altiora Peto* ("I seek for Higher Things"), which embodies many pleasant pictures of American life and society.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

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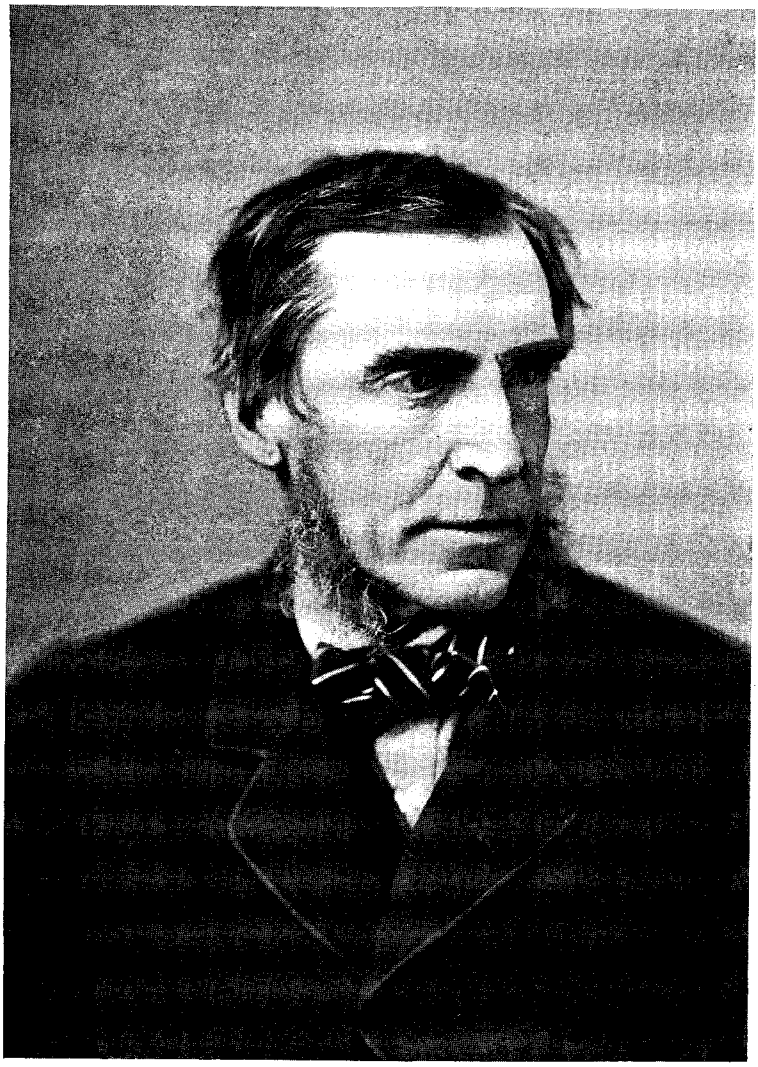
In the Far East the remainder of the days of the Oliphants were mainly passed, and from out that land came more than one book. There the wife died, and there she lies buried within sight of Mount Carmel, the sea and the Galilean Hills. There, too, the husband, after the first shock from his loss had passed away, wrote the exceptional book published a dozen years ago under the title *Scientific Religion.* Having finished this work, Laurence Oliphant left Syria, came to America, visited for a time with his old companions at Brocton, and, returning to England, died, after a long illness, in December, 1888. His grave is at Twickenham, near London, "on the edge of that greater world which so soon forgets and makes so few pilgrimages."

The opening of the Civil War in 1861 brought to chronicle its progress a numerous group of foreign writers, prominent in which were William Howard Russell and George Augustus Sala. Russell, who bore credentials from the London *Times,* then held first place among war correspondents; but he came to the United States unprepared to sympathise with the North, and his hostile attitude soon brought him to grief; for his one-sided and malignant description—at least it was so counted at the time—of



JAMES A. FROUDE.

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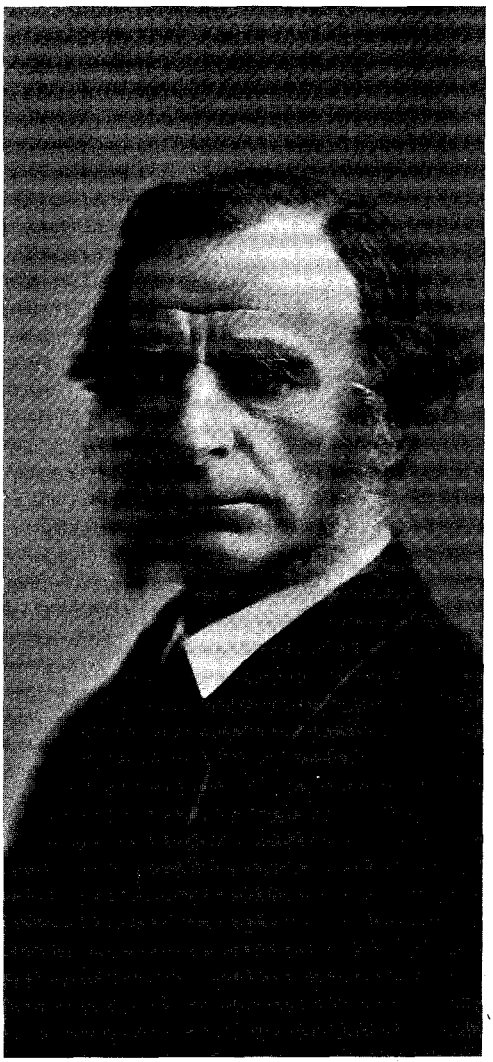
the first battle of Bull Run aroused deep resentment, earned for its author the sobriquet of "Bull Run" Russell, and resulted in his early return to England. Sala, who came as the correspondent of the London *Telegraph,* avoided the rock Russell had split upon, and remained till the end of the war, finally recording the incidents of his sojourn in a sprightly volume bearing title *America in the Midst of War.* Another equally lively book, *America Revisited,* followed a second stay in the States in 1879. Six years later Sala visited America a third time on an indifferently successful lecture tour.

A third Civil War visitor was Anthony Trollope, whose *North America,* published in 1862, is still worth reading. William Hepworth Dixon, with Sir Charles Dilke for a companion, travelled in the United States in 1866, and upon his return to England wrote *New America* and *Spiritual Wives,* books of abounding prejudice, which lost their author not a few of the friends he had made during his visit. Americans found a kindlier and more tolerant critic in Justin McCarthy, as his lately published *Reminiscences* prove, who reached New York in the autumn of 1868, and stayed three years in the United States, where, as the readers of the *Galaxy* will remember, he wrote several novels of striking merit, and a still more remarkable series of portraits of English statesmen for that magazine. He also and with profit delivered lectures in the principal cities of the Union. A second lecture tour, in 1886, proved even more profitable than the first.

The same year which witnessed McCarthy's arrival in the United States also marked the coming of Goldwin Smith, scholar, statesman and philosopher, than whom no writer of foreign birth has during the past two-and-thirty years exercised a more profound or abiding influence upon American thought and ideas. Smith's earlier life can be sketched in a few words. The son of a country doctor and born in 1823, his school-days were spent at Eton, whence he passed to Oxford. Later he was admitted to the bar, but never practised. Literature and the scholastic life had more charms for him; so he accepted a fellowship and tutorship in University College, and in 1858 became Regius Professor of Modern History, which post he held for eight years.



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

In 1868, having assisted as a labour of love in the organisation of Cornell University, at Ithaca, Professor Smith was invited to settle there and occupy the chair of English and Constitutional History. This post he held till 1871, when he exchanged it for that of a non-resident professor, and removed to Toronto, which city has ever since been his home. His life in Canada has been one of studious and varied activity. Aside from intimate and continuous association with the upbuilding of Toronto University,

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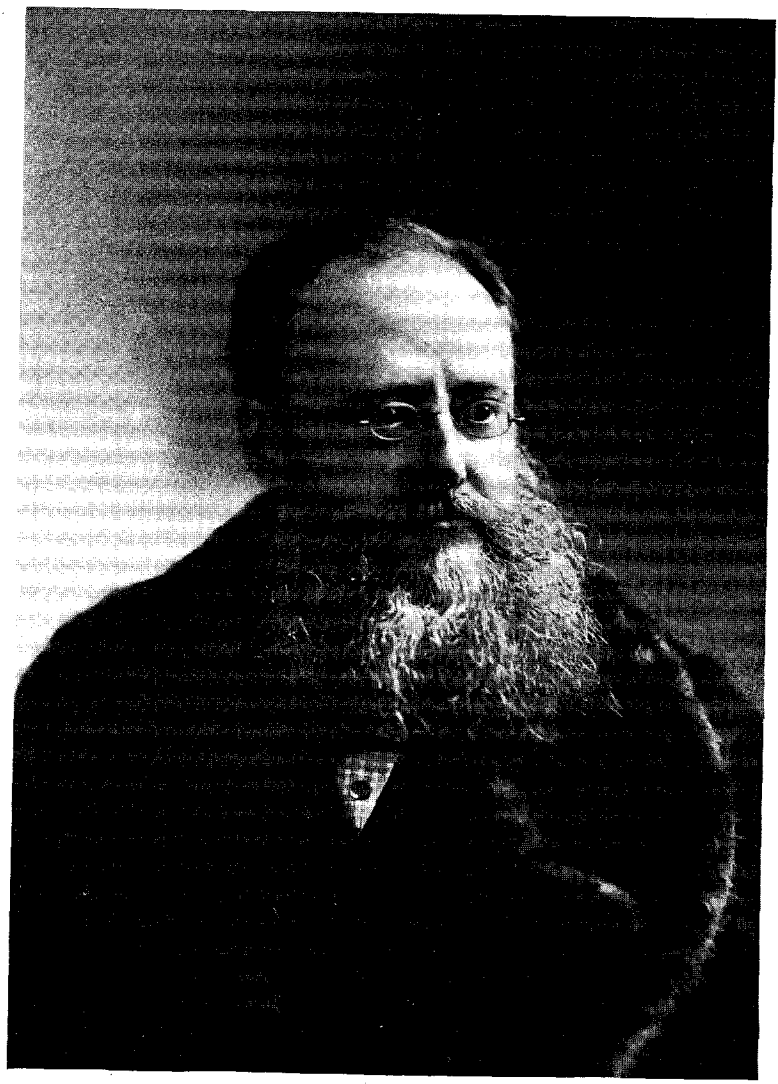
the making of a dozen books and regular contributions to the English reviews, he edited the *Canadian Monthly* from 1872 to 1874, founded the *Nation* in the year last named, and in 1884 the Toronto *Week*, which under his direction became without delay the principal literary and political journal in the Dominion.

Few men there are, perhaps none, who know England, the United States and Canada at once so thoroughly. This unequalled knowledge, backed by the fascinating style that clothes his slightest utterances, long since gave Professor Smith a position of commanding influence and authority in the trio of countries just named. In the United States his personality represents to thinking men the idea of the ultimate jointure of the Union and the Dominion. In Canada, where he is regarded as the ablest advocate of a closer intimacy with the people on this side of the border, his influence upon the thought and intellect of his fellow-colonists exceeds that of any other man. In Great Britain, whose future position in the world is vitally concerned in the possible loss of thirty per cent. of her empire, which Canada comprises, he speaks to an audience that always listens, whether they agree or not with what he has to say. Thus, in three



WILKIE COLLINS.

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great countries this intellectual giant, this wise and sane philosopher, this learned scholar and consummate literary artist, plays a part peculiarly his own.

It also stands to his enduring honour that Professor Smith was one of the few, the very few Englishmen of weight and influence who, during the Civil War, earnestly and courageously upheld the cause of the North. Thomas Hughes was another, and when, in 1870, the author of *Tom Brown's School Days* visited the United States he received a tumultuous welcome. Lowell was one of the first to give him the warm right hand of fellowship. "Parting with you," the poet wrote Hughes, soon after the latter's departure for home, "was like saying good-by to sunshine. As I took my solitary whiff o' 'baccy after I got home, my study looked bare, and my old cronies on the shelves could not make up to me for my new loss. I sat with my book on my knee and mused, with a queer feeling about my eyelids now and then. And yet you have left so much behind that is precious to me, that by and by I know that my room will have a virtue in it never there before, because of your presence. . . . I would rather have the kind of welcome that met you in this country than all the shouts of all the crowds on the Via Sacra of fame. There was 'love' in it, you beloved old boy, and no man ever earns that for nothing—unless now and then from a woman. By Jove! it is worth writing books for—such a feeling as that."

It was during his first visit to America that Hughes conceived the idea of his famous co-operative Tennessee colony. What he had in mind was a new and broader field for the unoccupied and dissatisfied young men of his own country. Accordingly, fifty thousand acres of land for the New Rugby Colony were chosen and bought near Cumberland, Tennessee. Hughes was its superintendent and directing spirit; and his mother and a brother came from England to join the

THOMAS HUGHES.

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colony, which soon numbered upward of three hundred members. Some of these were young university men, others were intelligent members of the labouring classes, but most of them were the sons of English farmers of the better grade. Roads, cricket grounds and building sites were laid out, a hotel was built, a brick kiln started, and the colony made more accessible by a branch road seven miles long from the Cincinnati Southern. For a time things went well, but a failure, honourable if not brilliant, closed the history of the colony. Those who knew him best said that Hughes, as a financial manager, had the serious fault of his most endearing virtues. He was too ready to believe in people, to accept them at their own estimation, and it was difficult for him to put on the brakes of discipline. Yet no one thought the less of the organiser of New Rugby, and it furnished an undeniably valuable economic example to the world.

Hughes's first visit to the United States was timed with that of James Bryce, whose several sojourns among us gave issue, in 1888, to that noble and exhaustive work *The American Commonwealth.* After Hughes and Bryce came James A. Froude, John Tyndall, George Macdonald, Edmund Yates, Charles Kingsley, Richard A. Proctor and Wilkie Collins. Froude in 1872 lectured in America on England and Ireland, and Tyndall in the same year on scientific subjects, with characteristic generosity, devoting the proceeds of his tour to the foundation of scholarships for original research at Harvard and Columbia. Macdonald also came in the guise of a lecturer, and a very successful one, as events proved; and it was on the American platforms that Yates earned the money with which he afterward founded his famous London society journal, the *World.*

Kingsley, whose writings had from the first met in America with an appreciation more generous than that accorded them by the author's own countrymen, was wont to class his tour of the United States among the most cheering incidents of his life; while the name of Proctor, after his first lecturing tour in this country, became a household word in every family of intelligence in the land. Before Proctor's day, what we knew about the stars was told in dry tables or on obscure charts. He popularised an abstruse science, and told the story of the revolving systems in a style that those who were not learned could understand. As an astronomer called to interest the common people in the outer laws and phenomena of nature he stood without a rival till his sudden and untimely death in 1888. As yet the world has been unable to produce another who could fill his place.

Collins, one of the most lovable of men, met with the heartiest of welcomes when he came to America in the autumn of 1873, yet his attempt to give public readings from his novels ended in confusion and failure. His first appearance was in Philadelphia, where he was greeted by a numerous and friendly audience. The programme called for the reading of an original ghost story, but the novelist's voice quickly sank to a muffled undertone, and what the story was about not one-third of those present could tell. Thus an hour passed, when the reader, unfortunately for himself, took a recess. When he returned nearly one-half of his audience had disappeared. A few days later, after making a formal appearance, with like ill-success, in two or three other towns, Collins set sail for England, a sadly disappointed man.

Rufus Rockwell Wilson.

THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

When an American author of world-wide fame returned recently to New York after several years abroad, his comment on the stage in this city was that it seemed to be run to meet the taste of donkeys. There has been no month within some time to justify this verdict more neatly than the one just past. The only play in English which was even passable was a little one-act piece given first at a benefit. Another play, the same afternoon, was founded on literature,

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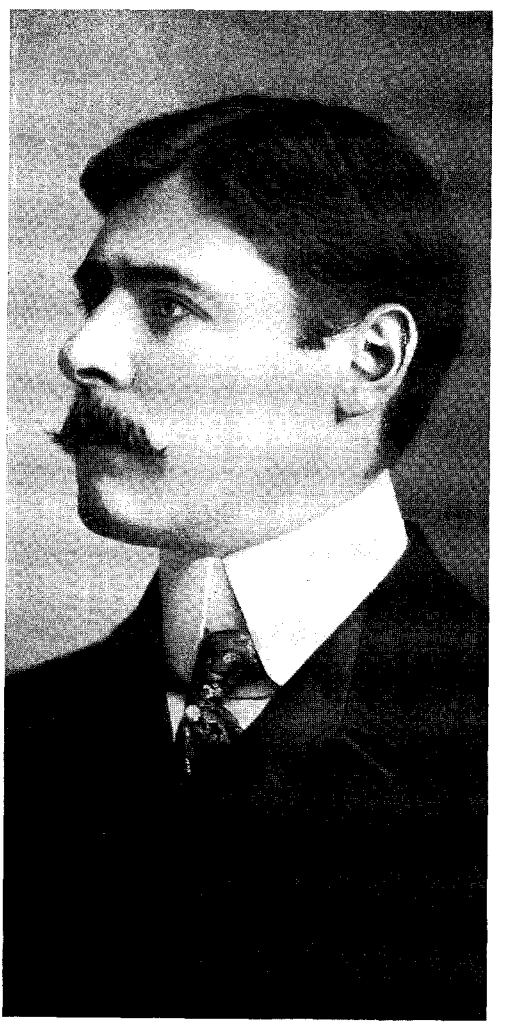
but it had many more faults. To find, after going to the theatre constantly for a month, in the greatest city in the country, that the only dramas which invite comment are two little side-shows is certainly to realise the terribly low ebb of our stage. Looking back over the season, the productions of much interest are easily summed up. Mansfield's *Henry V.,* Sothern's *Hamlet,* various performances of the Bernhardt-Coquelin Company, *Mrs. Dane's Defence* and *The Gay Lord Quex;* these among the new productions seem to me all that are worth remembering, and among those carried over from last year and brought to New York there are very few, notably *When We Were Twenty-one.*

The most conspicuous theatrical event of the last month was the production of *To Have and to Hold* at the Knickerbocker Theatre, and it was one of the dullest and most meaningless of the whole season. It was so bad, in fact, that Mr. Charles Frohman had to write his own praise of it to print in the newspaper advertisements, as he did in the case of *The Girl from Up There.* The novel itself has a great deal more vitality than such rivals in the field of sentimental historical romance as *Richard Carvel* and *Janice Meredith.* Miss Johnston certainly has narrative power. She does not need to stretch one incident, but is provided with an abundant flow of exciting episode. Moreover, she is able to write the English language vastly better than most of her rivals, which counts for a good deal

MISS ISABEL IRVING IN "TO HAVE AND TO HOLD."



ROBERT LORRAINE IN "TO HAVE AND TO HOLD."

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MISS LOFTUS AS UNDINE.

in getting through a long book of mere adventure; and she has some humour in place of their deadly attempts at it. These elements of superiority were wholly lacking in the dramatisation. The work was credited on the programme to somebody named Bodington; but as the same document stated that the stage management was that of Mr. E. E. Rose, it is not impossible that his peculiar genius is responsible, partly at least, for the unexampled badness of the result. He is the favourite playwright used by Mr. Frohman and others for making books into plays. He did *Richard Carvel,* part of *David Harum,* most of *Janice Meredith, The Gadfly,* among numberless other things; and he produced, perhaps, the worst dramatisation ever seen when he prepared for Mr. Sargent a play by Beaumont and Fletcher. The constant employment of this one man for this purpose must show that his work sums up managerial ideas of a good play—a theory which is strengthened by our powerful manager's praise of *To Have and to Hold.* To go into the stupidities of this drama would merely be to name the episodes, which follow with no dramatic force one after the other, and to use enough quotation to show how patiently whoever is responsible for the

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language has avoided the style of the original. The part of the novel which seems to have appealed to the culprits most was the sentimentality, its only decidedly weak element. Not knowing how to reproduce that exactly, they have added a lot of patriotic talk of a much cheaper quality than anything in the book. For the acting also the stage management is naturally to be held responsible, since its faults were those not of individual incompetence, but of general tone. It compared badly with the worst of our productions. There is a good deal of talk just now about the probable end of this rage for dramatising novels, especially pseudo-historical stories of romantic adventure. Unhappily, there is no real sign that the end approaches, for a large part of the stars and managers have loaded themselves up for next year with the same material. However, we must believe that anything so bad as the dramatisation of *To Have and to Hold* will do some good in the end by hastening the end of the custom. To get motive and plot for drama out of novels is and always has been one of the best ways of securing good plays, but the selection should be made for the dramatic possibilities of the story and not for the circulation. Moreover, the work ought to be done by playwrights.

If *To Have and to Hold* is an aggressive example of bad romantic drama, the month does not give much opportunity to fall back on realistic plays of a superior order. Ibsen's *Ghosts* was acted a couple of times at the Irving Place Theatre, but it was done so poorly that its great technical power was obscured. Cases arise sometimes at this theatre in which haste and overwork are very noticeable, and this was one of them. Not only did the actors know so few of their lines that the prompter was the most prominent person on the stage, but naturally with this went shallowness in their views of the play and the characters. Ada Merito was a conspicuous exception in one of the smaller rôles; but the whole effect was much inferior to that of the last English production, in which John Blair and Mary Shaw did so uncommonly well. Nevertheless, in spite of the poor performance and in spite of the fact that Ibsen's theme is a rather forced and pseudo-scientific one, his immense technical ability made the play seem like the bitterest kind of condemnation of what we have been getting on the English stage. How infinitely superior it was to *Fédora,* which, at the same theatre, a few days before, was well played all around, though not strongly in the principal rôle. Sardou's much-vaunted technique seemed slight compared to that of the Norwegian, not less inferior in originality than in its power of holding the attention. Ibsen seems to me infinitely greater as a technician than as a thinker. Of course, it is absurd to judge him dogmatically without a knowledge of his language; and such plays as *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* ought not to be estimated at all by one ignorant of the original, for in such poems the whole value is connected with the expression; but his prose dramas ought to give, to a foreigner at least, a fair notion of their quality, and their value seems to be vastly more in structure, in the skill of the playwright, than in the fables which they tell and the characters which they draw. This, of course, is when we consider him in comparison with great men. Compared with his contemporaries, he would be almost as eminent for meaning as for workmanship. Whereas, however, he would seem to me to surpass everybody of the day in skill, he would not seem to have a content as sound and artistic as that of Hauptmann.

While thinking about the romance and the realism set before us by the accidents of the day, an illustration may be found in the Yiddish version of *Hamlet,* recently presented, of realistic methods applied to poetic material. Mrs. Kalish, emulous of Madame Bernhardt, set out to play the Prince of Denmark in the Thalia Theatre, of which she is the leading woman. She gave a good performance, on the whole, but within a singularly limited area. Every bit of poetry was taken out of the play, not only in the acting, but in the language. Where Shakespeare would wrap a dozen ideas into an image, this version would pick out the simplest and patiently explain that at length, as if the actors were certain that either they or their audience could not understand anything in any degree metaphorical. In this respect their attitude toward a great imaginative work of art ought to be very sympathetic

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to some of our advanced and prominent realists.

I come at last to the benefit, the only happy theatrical afternoon or evening of the period covered by this tale. Two plays which have been successful, *His Excellency the Governor* and *A Royal Family*, have seemed to me wholly commonplace, although they have made their author, Captain Robert Marshall, famous and popular. Not so, however, the little one-act piece *The Shades of Night*, which was played at the Actors' Fund Benefit and is about to be used at the Lyceum Theatre. It has a fantastic plot worthy of Gilbert and dialogue far superior to that in Marshall's two well-known dramas. Two young persons, escaping from a ball, tell in the course of their conversation what happened in the room in which they are talking. The crime of many years ago, in which an ancestor of his murdered an ancestor of hers, as it was supposed, because she rejected him, is neatly brought out, and the youthful lovers read on the wall the curse against the descendants, that is to stand until a maid of her race declares in that room her love for a man of his. At midnight, or rather a little before, the spirits of the actors in the old tragedy come into the room. They will be invisible until the clock strikes twelve, and this time they spend in comments on the human visitors, the old crime, the changing fashions, the morals of the day and the gossip which they have heard from the spirits of Shakespeare, Nero and others. The human beings sit upon them on the sofa without noticing any difference, and there is amusing business between the couples, as well as many witty lines. When the clock strikes, the ghosts are seen, and, after the fright of the living, the spectres rehearse for them the old accident as it really happened, with disputes and comments. So far are their feelings stirred by the example of the young lovers that they reconcile their differences of a hundred years' standing and give each other affection as satisfactory as is possible without solidity.

One other incident of the benefit will be seen early in the summer in vaudeville. Grant Stewart made a version of *Undine* which was bad in dialogue, but fair in general structure, although the development of the story missed in many ways the charm and consistency of the beautiful German romance. Nevertheless, it is an interesting thing to get one of the masterpieces of literature on the stage, and I have never heard of *Undine's* being there before. Incidentally, it showed what a fine actress Cecelia Loftus is capable, under favourable circumstances, of being. Some actors may fit best into colourless parts, where they merely walk around and exhibit their own personality; but others, and generally the better ones, show their talents best in parts which make the highest demand. Miss Loftus acted the early part of the piece, the water sprite element, admirably, realising the nature of the character and the story in appearance, motion and voice; and when she came to do the more violent work at the end, which the adapter had substituted for the tender conclusion of the original, she showed in a few moments of passion, followed by sorrow and regret and gradual return to her elemental nature, the ability to play various and difficult things uncommonly well.

Norman Hapgood.

HERE AND THERE

I.

The Stanford University Scandal.

The controversy arising from the recent resignation or dismissal of six members of the faculty of Stanford University became almost from the outset a controversy of much more than local interest. During the past two months the newspapers and other periodicals have published any number of letters relating to it. Argument, criticism and invective have been exhausted; committees have instituted investigations; and the reports of their investigations have been given to the public with the result of exciting renewed and still more acrimonious controversy. The reason for all this agitation is found in the fact that it raises questions which

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involve some vital and far-reaching principles. So many side issues have been brought into the discussion, so many appeals to prejudice have been made, and so many questions of veracity have arisen, as to make it very difficult to strip away the unimportant details, to get at the heart of the whole matter, and then to view it with clearness and impartiality.

The subject has two distinct and different phases. First of all, there is the purely local issue which relates to the Stanford University alone; in the second place, there is the general principle which this issue raises and which deserves much careful thought. Taking up the local issue first, we shall endeavour to discuss it as briefly and as fairly as we can. The scene of the incident which has given rise to so much feeling is the institution which labours under the unfortunate designation of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. The principal *dramatis personæ* are four in number. First, there is Mrs. Stanford, widow of the late Senator Stanford, who founded the University in memory of their son. Mrs. Stanford has endowed the University with the astonishing sum of $26,000,000, and because of her munificence she stands toward it in the relation of a board of trustees. The deuteragonist is Dr. David Starr Jordan, a scientist and scholar of acknowledged eminence, who has been president of the University since its foundation. Next comes Professor E. A. Ross, who originally occupied the chair of Economics and afterward the chair of Social Science. A fourth personage who enters into the affair is Dr. George E. Howard, until lately the occupant of the chair of History. Both these professors have an excellent academic record, and their scholarship has never been called into question even by those who have severely criticised them on other grounds. The trouble at the University was foreshadowed in 1896, when Professor Ross espoused the cause of Mr. Bryan and advocated his election to the presidency both in public speeches and in a pamphlet entitled "An Honest Dollar," which was illustrated with a number of absurd wood-cuts in the nature of political cartoons. To this document Dr. Ross set his name with the appended words "Professor of Economics in the Leland Stanford, Jr., University." These proceedings on the part of Professor Ross displeased Mrs. Stanford; and, acting through President Jordan, she caused her displeasure to be made known to the professor; while in token of this displeasure she had the style of his chair changed from Economics to Social Science, giving him to understand that his tenure of it was to depend upon his future conduct. In fact, from that time on, he was regarded as holding his office upon probation. Last year Professor Ross still further incurred the disapprobation of Mrs. Stanford. Again he advocated the election of Mr. Bryan; and in his academic teaching he argued against the expediency of Chinese immigration and in favour of the municipal ownership of franchises. All these things were obnoxious to Mrs. Stanford, whose railway interests made Chinese immigration seem to her desirable because it cheapened labour, and whose friends, being in control of the street railways in San Francisco, objected strongly to any such doctrine as that of Professor Ross with regard to municipal ownership. Consequently, she brought pressure to bear on President Jordan, who wrote to Professor Ross and demanded his resignation, which was given. At the same time Dr. Jordan stated in a letter that he had no complaint to make against Professor Ross either on the ground of his private character or of his academic teaching.

As soon as these events occurred, Professor Howard, who was an intimate friend of Dr. Ross, and regarded the demand for his resignation as a high-handed interference with the principle of free speech, free thought and academic liberty, denounced this interference before one of his classes in a very unrestrained and bitter fashion, ending his tirade with the assertion:

> I do not worship St. Market Street. I do not reverence Holy Standard Oil; nor do I doff my hat to the Celestial Six Companies.

When President Jordan heard of this, he privately reproved Professor Howard, but told him that he would not ask for Professor Howard's resignation or take any further action in the matter unless

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he should have first heard from Mrs. Stanford. Presently, however, he wrote a letter in which Professor Howard's resignation was practically asked for, and it was speedily received. Thereupon, several other officers of the University resigned as an emphatic protest against the way in which their colleagues had been treated.

Now, as to the merits of the case, we think that the following sentences will sufficiently set them forth. It is obvious that Mrs. Stanford practically owns the Stanford University and treats it as a proprietary school. In other words, a professor in that university must teach only such economic doctrines as are approved by an illiterate old lady, who regards both president and professors as her hired men, whose opinions and teaching and intellectual independence she has bought with money. President Jordan, who is on record as having originally protested against her interference with the educational concerns of the University, is now also upon record as having weakly yielded to her and as having compromised in doing so his reputation for veracity; since, though, he has not denied that he promised not to interfere with Dr. Howard unless forced to do so by Mrs. Stanford, he subsequently did interfere, while asserting that Mrs. Stanford had not urged this action. Hence, he either broke his promise to Dr. Howard, or else in denying that Mrs. Stanford had interfered, he said the thing that is not. Therefore, he has impaled himself upon one or the other horn of a sad dilemma, and he remains, in the eyes of the whole academic world, a pitiful and abject sight. As to Professor Ross, there is no doubt that his pamphlet on the "honest dollar" involved a breach of good taste and of academic propriety. Otherwise, he seems to have been free from blame; and, at any rate, the matter of the pamphlet had been condoned by his retention in the University for four years after the document was issued. The fact that he spoke and voted for Mr. Bryan has no pertinence whatever; since a professor who accepts a chair in a university does not thereby forego his rights as a citizen, and it was quite as proper for Professor Ross to make Democratic speeches in public as it was for President Jordan to stump the State for the Republicans. As to Professor Howard, his conduct in criticising the university authorities before a body of students was so utterly improper and in such shocking violation of every instinct of good taste and decorum and academic discipline, that he should have been summarily expelled before the day had ended. No possible excuse can be made for him. His conduct was outrageous. Yet this was the one case in which President Jordan temporised and stultified himself and showed an utter lack of executive capacity. He would have let this gross offence go quite unpunished had not Mrs. Stanford goaded him to action. The summing up of the whole matter is that the Stanford University for the present is thoroughly discredited. It is no longer a home of free investigation and unfettered thought. It is a mere pocket university, nominally governed by a puppet president, but really ruled by a whimsical old lady.

The larger question which arises out of this imbroglio is one that is becoming more and more important in our country every year. It is the question as to the effect upon our university life and, therefore, upon American scholarship and American intellectual ideals, of this whole practice of seeking huge endowments for our universities at the hands of individuals, who by their lavish gifts acquire the power of interference with purely academic and educational matters. When a university receives a gift, however large, from one of its own sons, then there exists no problem and no cause for any feeling of alarm. The money in such a case is given as a token of loyalty and love by one who knows his Alma Mater's needs, and who feels for her a sentiment of gratitude and obligation. But when some multimillionaire who has made a stupendous fortune, perhaps by crushing out all competition, by debauching legislatures, by corrupting courts, by rigging the stock market, or by gutting railways—when such a one dumps down a portion of his gains into the coffers of a university, what, then, is the result? The money is sometimes given as mere conscience money and to allay the very general repugnance to those huge fortunes acquired by doubtful

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means. Sometimes it is given out of pure ostentation. Sometimes, no doubt, it is given from motives that are much more creditable. In any case, however, the giver feels, after the manner of his kind, that his gift has bought for him a share in the government of the institution as surely as the purchase of a great block of stock in some railway would carry with it a similar power of control. He has paid out good money, and he looks for something in the nature of an equivalent. And such a claim is likely to be recognised; since the authorities of the University feel that one who has given so much may be induced to give still more, and they will seldom have the courage to turn their backs upon an open "pork barrel." Hence, it comes about that when in such an institution anything is said or taught or written that is likely to offend the prejudices or affect the financial interests of a lavish donor, the whole place is in a flutter. The president grows nervous. He tries to suppress the audacious professor who is teaching what he most conscientiously believes to be the truth; and if suppression can be effected in no other way, he is turned out of the university, lest his temerity dry up the sources of a golden stream. Some years ago a very able and respected scholar was dismissed from the University of Chicago because he took the same ground as that taken by Professor Ross with regard to this question of municipal ownership. President Harper subsequently stated that no one had even suggested to him the desirability of forcing this resignation; and, of course, his statement must be accepted without question; yet we wonder whether he would assert with equal promptness that in getting rid of Dr. Hourwitz he was not wholly influenced by a desire to anticipate the as yet unuttered wishes of two well-known millionaires.

Now, it is obvious that an institution where such a state of things exists can never properly be styled a university, but rather, as Dr. Van Dyke has said, a mere proprietary school, a purchased thing, a place where all investigation, science and intellectual freedom are liable at any time to be subordinated to purely material considerations, and where the truth must be blinked, perverted or suppressed if the utterance of it shall seem likely to displease some moneyed magnate whose finger-ends ooze gold. A true university exists for the enlightenment and for the betterment of the whole world. A pocket university exists for the shackling of independent thought and the degradation of educational ideals. The type of the true university is found in the runner in the Grecian games, speeding his course with all the splendid vigour of triumphant manhood and bearing aloft a blazing torch, whose flame must reach the goal unquenched and unextinguished. The type of the pocket university is found in the kept mistress who fawns upon the man whose lavish gifts console her for the loss of that which makes true womanhood supremely sacred.

It has been said by some of late that there is no especial sanctity about the functions of a university professor that should render him exempt from discipline or from dismissal; and that some one or other must have the right to decide whether he should forfeit his position. Professor F. G. Clark, in a recent number of *Science,* imagines the case of a teacher who should conscientiously advocate Free Love or denounce the institution of marriage; and he asks whether in such an event the plea of academic freedom would justify his retention by the university authorities. It is hardly necessary to spend much time in answering these statements beyond making an appeal to common-sense. A university professor is, of course, like every other person who holds any kind of office, held to certain well-understood conditions. He may be discharged for reasons of a purely academic and educational character. If he be incompetent, if he show himself to be lacking in scholarship or in efficiency, if his private character be notoriously bad, or if his teaching should defy the universally accepted standards of morality and decency, or if he should violate the proprieties and the traditional rules of academic discipline, then, of course, he ought to be removed. And, naturally, there must be some one whose function it is to decide when this is necessary. But this power of decision ought not to be put up for sale, and purchased with great sums of money. It must belong to one who will use it with a sense of high responsibility, and who is imbued with a reverence for

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the best traditions of university life and thought. Its exercise must be justified by educational or moral reasons. It must never find its motive in a desire for pandering to a rich outsider. The question as to just where the ultimate sovereignty of a university ought to lie is one that is fairly open to discussion. As in civil government, so in academic government, an enlightened despotism is, theoretically perhaps, the best solution. On the other hand, very much is to be said in favour of the control by a board of overseers, regents or trustees drawn from among the alumni of the university, and, therefore, understanding its traditions and cherishing its honour. But wherever the final responsibility should rest, it is plainly evident that it ought to rest within the circle of the university itself and in its own keeping, and not to be farmed out to the highest bidder for him to catalogue among his various possessions in sugar and pork and oil.

One very specious argument in defence of the heavy endowment of new universities by plutocrats has a good deal impressed the public mind. It may be stated somewhat as follows: "Of course, it is not a good thing that a rich man, merely because he happens to be rich and because he has given a large amount of money to a university, should control it and interfere with its internal government. But, after all, one should look at this thing in a large way. The life of a millionaire is limited, while the life of the university goes on from century to century. The injury which the donor's interference may do is only a temporary injury; the benefits derived from the money that he gives will continue beyond his lifetime and will last, indeed, as long as the university itself. Hence, in the long run is it not desirable that rich men should be encouraged to endow our universities, even where the endowment carries with it for a time the tacitly recognised power of control?"

The answer to this argument is distinctly No! One of its premises is wholly false; since no one can successfully maintain the thesis that the purchased control of a university does only temporary harm. At the present time American society, American ideals, in fact, almost every phase of American life and thought, are threatened by the influence of an unrestrained materialism. Our extraordinary prosperity, our national wealth, the gigantic accumulations of capital, with their concomitant of luxurious living which is inevitable, are to-day the most frequent themes of our statesmen, of the press and of men and women everywhere. We are being drawn with almost irresistible force toward a great vortex of vulgarism, which threatens to overwhelm all the older and saner standards by which we judged things in the past. On all sides money, money, money, its power and its possibilities, are dinned into our ears. Success in money-getting is coming to be regarded as the one and only success that really counts; so that to it, with a hardy cynicism, men are sacrificing civic purity, commercial honesty and personal honour. It is not merely desirable, but it is absolutely vital, for the preservation of our political and social life from rottenness, that there should be somewhere shown in concrete form an inflexible and invincible protest against these materialistic influences, that there should be reared above our heads impregnable fortresses where the Ideal shall still be safe, and around which the undaunted forces of free thought, unpurchased truth and untainted intellectual independence may rally with high hope and indomitable courage. It is, in fact, to our universities that we must look as strongholds of the nobler traditions which save a nation in its own despite. If these universities shall once give way, if they shall temporise and compromise and bow the knee to Mammon even for a time, then all is lost; for in a single generation their glory will have departed; their virtue will have gone out of them; and from being temples of the highest truth they will have become forever sanctuaries for the worship of the sordid.

II.

The Admiral and the Gunner.

About the cheapest and most depressing incident to which of late the American public has been treated is to be found in the clamour that has been raised over the case of Admiral Sampson and Mr. Charles Morgan, a gunner in the navy. Mr. Morgan, who

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has served for a number of years as a warrant officer, made application to the Secretary of the Navy for permission to apply for an appointment as ensign—in other words, to become a commissioned officer. This application, in accordance with the usual form, passed through the hands of Admiral Sampson for endorsement. The Admiral wrote upon the back a very warm encomium on Mr. Morgan's services and on his personal character; but he added the remark that in case a law should be passed empowering the Secretary to promote warrant officers to be commissioned officers, it would not, as a rule, be desirable that such promotions should be made; since, while warrant officers might very often be excellent men, their environment, their training and their education were not conducive to the refinement and the social qualities that are expected as a matter of course in a commissioned officer; and he added that this matter is important, because in times of peace the functions of a naval officer are very often social, and that it is necessary for him to be one who is able to represent his country abroad in a manner creditable both to it and to the service. In writing these words, Admiral Sampson undoubtedly expressed at once the sentiment of every commissioned officer in the Navy and of every civilian who is able to form an intelligent opinion. At once, however, after some sneak thief had purloined the document and made it public, the yellow press set up an awful howl against the Admiral as being an upstart and a snob who was favouring class distinctions; and Senator Allen, of Nebraska, delivered in the Senate a disgraceful speech, in which he styled the victor of Santiago "a conceited ass." All sorts of persons were interviewed upon the subject; and such of them as had political aspirations without the courage of conviction hastened to "make themselves solid" with the mob by joining in the outcry.

Now, so far as the case of Mr. Morgan is concerned we have nothing whatever to say. He is, undoubtedly, as Admiral Sampson said, a man of ability, integrity and character. Very likely he would make a worthy officer of the American Navy. But the general principle which Admiral Sampson put into words is absolutely true. It simply recognises the undoubted fact that in certain occupations the refinement, the breeding and the manners of a gentleman are requisites which are fully as essential as are sharpness, obtrusiveness and an ability to "hustle," in certain other occupations. If a banker should refuse to promote a messenger boy to the post of assistant bookkeeper on the ground that he had no knowledge of arithmetic, this would not be "favouring class distinctions;" and so if an admiral does not wish to place among the graduates of Annapolis men whose manners have been acquired in the forecastle and whose habits of thought and modes of expression are those of the untaught sailorman, he is not favouring class distinctions either. He is merely recognising the fact that every position in life implies and requires certain qualifications which are perfectly well understood by every one.

The most sickening part of this whole affair is the utter insincerity of many persons who have ostentatiously denied the truth of what has just been set forth. Perhaps the most conspicuous example of this insincerity is to be found exhibited in the utterances of Mr. William C. Whitney, formerly Secretary of the Navy. The sapient remark which he made when questioned was the following: "I believe in giving place to American Manhood." Exactly so; but what place? Would Mr. Whitney, for example, give a place at his dinner-table to every exponent of American Manhood without reference to other qualifications? Would he regard American Manhood pure and simple as entitling its possessor to membership in the clubs to which he himself belongs? We think it may be safely answered that he would not. There are, in fact, men and men; and a man who is honest, industrious and reputable ought to have any place to which his other and special qualifications entitle him. Yet however honest and good he may be, if he knows merely his own language, he should not be set to translating Homer. If he has no head for figures, he should not be employed as an expert accountant. If he has not the education and the manners of a gentleman, he should not be made a diplomat or a naval officer. Mr. Whitney knows all this, and so do ninety-nine

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out of every hundred of the men who have been ostentatiously shocked at Admiral Sampson's "snobbishness." In truth, however, it was not snobbishness; it was simply common-sense.

As a matter of fact, it is an insult to the intelligence of the American people to assume that as a people they do not appreciate and value urbanity and cultivation in their official representatives; for this is to assume that they are a nation of boors and hoodlums. Does any one suppose, for instance, that Americans do not remember with peculiar gratification the fact that they have been represented at the English Court by such accomplished gentlemen as Everett and Adams and Motley and Lowell and Phelps and Choate? On the other hand, can any American recall without a blush the memory of some of the diplomatic freaks who disgraced our country at foreign capitals during the administration of President Grant? Do we like to bring to mind the minister plenipotentiary who used to drive about a certain Continental city in a cab, drunk and with his legs dangling helplessly from the window? Does any one like to dwell upon the diplomatic career of the "smart" leather manufacturer whom Grant sent to represent the United States at the Russian Court, and who while there, and because of his diplomatic position, managed to secure an invitation to go through some of the great Russian manufactories, and then slyly stole the secrets of the trade to be used in his own shops at home? Or let us take a case which is of a different character from this, but which in another way serves as an illustration of the point we make. Some months ago, when it was necessary to send out a commander for the American troops in China, the officer selected was General Chaffee. Now, General Chaffee is an excellent soldier on the purely military side. He had been fighting the Indians in the West for many years, and he made an admirable record for himself in Cuba. He is not, however, a graduate of West Point; and his frontier experience served to accentuate and heighten his natural rough-and-ready demeanour. Nevertheless, he was sent out to China, in spite of the fact that his functions there would be largely diplomatic and of a very delicate character, owing to the difficulties certain to arise in an expedition composed of troops representing different nationalities. What happened is significant. General Chaffee objected to the conduct of the Germans in looting the Imperial Chinese Observatory, and he at once sat down and wrote a letter of protest to Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee. Such a letter as this should obviously have been couched in the most courteous phraseology and with that deference of tone which one gentleman invariably uses in his communications to another. General Chaffee, however, dashed off a most offensively emphatic note in violation of all the amenities. So offensive was it, in fact, that Count von Waldersee very quietly declined to receive it, and returned it to the writer. At this point all the boors in the United States began to hoot with joy. Chaffee was the man for them! *He* knew how to touch up the Dutchman! Consider, however, the sequel. A little later General Chaffee became thoroughly ashamed of his own rudeness, and he then sat down and wrote a letter of diffuse apology; whereupon, Count von Waldersee with a certain half-contemptuous tolerance invited the American commander to dinner. The net result of the whole affair was the humiliation of the American, who had to eat his own words, and through him the humiliation of the country which he represented. Had he been a West Point man, and had his associations in early life been different, he would not have got himself into any such uncomfortable position.

Some of the newspapers took great delight in harping on the fact that Admiral Sampson himself was of humble origin and that his early years had been spent in doing "chores" upon a farm. Hence, they said, his case was precisely that of the aspiring gunner, and he had no more right to call himself a gentleman than had any warrant officer. This led to a long discussion about the whole matter of gentility, in the course of which a good many foolish things were said, and pretty nearly every one missed the vital point of the whole matter. The truth is that, in the proper sense of the word, no one is absolutely born a gentleman; for some of the greatest blackguards are to be found in the British peerage, and some

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of the truest gentlemen in the ranks of those who, like Admiral Sampson, have risen from the obscurest indigence. We may more rightly say that at birth one is or is not potentially a gentleman, and that training, environment and association are the factors which determine whether a potential gentleman shall become an actual one. He who is born with fineness of feeling and with the instincts of truth, of chivalry and of honour may have this fineness of feeling blunted and these instincts dulled if his whole early life be spent in close intimacy with the ignorant, the uncouth and the ignoble. On the other hand, one who is born without the essential qualities which go to make a gentleman can never be made one by any amount of training; for at some critical moment he will always disclose his native lack of something which a true gentleman cannot but possess. Hence it is that training will not make a gentleman, though lack of training may unmake one. Training, however, and association, observation and imitation can, at least, give any man a sufficient knowledge of the usages of refined life to render him presentable and teach him to bear himself without reproach in the society to which he happens to belong. Commissioned officers of the Navy have had this training, and they have enjoyed this association; and to thrust among them those who have not had them would be equally unfortunate and unfair to all.

H. T. P.

A CHRONICLE OF OUR OWN TIMES

FEBRUARY 10 TO MARCH 4.

I.

THE INCOMING GOVERNMENT.

On *March 4* William McKinley was inaugurated for the second time, being the first President since General Grant elected to succeed himself. The most significant feature of the afternoon's parade, and the one most vigorously applauded, was the appearance of a battalion of native Puerto Ricans, enrolled as United States volunteers, and typifying the events and changes of the four years past. Except for a brief comment upon the prosperity of the country, the President's address was largely a statement of the colonial policy of the Administration. This policy may be indicated briefly in his own words: "There are some national questions in the solution of which patriotism should exclude partisanship." "They are obstructionists who despair and who would destroy confidence in the ability of our people to solve wisely and for civilisation the mighty problems resting upon them." "Our institutions will not deteriorate by extension, and our sense of justice will not abate under tropic suns in distant seas." "Surely, after one hundred and twenty-five years of achievement we will not now surrender our equality with other powers on matters fundamental and essential to nationality."

In commenting upon the inauguration, the press called attention to the amazing advance that the President has made in the confidence of Congress and of the nation. In 1896 he was elected by 271 electoral votes against 176; in 1900, by 292 votes against 155. The conduct of the Spanish War was placed by Congress in the President's hands; the peace negotiations were conducted by him; the entire administration of affairs in Cuba and the Philippines has been left to him, and was on *March 1* specifically redelegated to him, absolutely in the one case, and on terms suggested by himself in the other. Nor should it be omitted that in the delicate international relations arising from the troubles in China Congress has refused to interfere, and has not even sought information.

The Fifty-sixth Congress died with the President's inauguration. From the Senate, thirteen members retire to private life. Senators Allen, Pettigrew and Butler, from whom the country has heard much, are among these. Mr. Chandler, of New Hampshire, is succeeded by Judge Burnham. Mr. Wolcott, of Colorado, who remained a steadfast gold man when his State was silver swept, is succeeded by Mr. Patterson. Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, who, though only thirty-eight years old, has served in the House for ten years, is promoted to the

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upper chamber. Mr. McBride, of Oregon, is succeeded by former Senator Mitchell. Mr. Carter, of Montana, is replaced by Mr. W. A. Clark. In both branches the Fifty-seventh Congress will be Republican by increased majority.

II.

CONGRESS.

On *February 16,* owing to the indifference of several Republicans and the open hostility of the Democrats, the Ship Subsidy Bill was abandoned for the session. On *February 21* the Senate discussed in a desultory way the Anti-trust Bill, which on June 2, 1900, passed the House by the sensational vote of 273 to 1. It was said at the time that the agitation of the press, the impending election and the tacit understanding that the Senate would be too busy to take up the bill, were the causes of its triumphant passage. The bill was designed to make an extreme use of the powers of Congress under the Constitution, and forbade any corporation convicted as a monopoly from ever again engaging in interstate commerce. The Judiciary Committee of the Senate has not yet reported it. On *February 27* it was announced that the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations would abandon the reciprocity treaties before the Senate. On *February 28* the Revenue Reduction Bill, which, it was estimated, would reduce taxation by the amount of $41,000,000, was passed by Congress. The largest reductions made were on beer, $12,000,000; on tobacco, $11,000,000; on bank checks, $7,000,000, and on promissory notes, conveyances, etc., $7,000,000. On *March 1*, under the spur of the threat of an extra session of Congress, the Army Appropriation Bill was passed, carrying with it as riders the Spooner Philippine resolution and the amendment prescribing the relations which Cuba should bear to the United States. One hundred and twenty minutes were permitted in the House for the discussion of this bit of legislation. On *March 3* Senator Carter, under cover of the Senate's courtesy rule of indefinite debate, started in to talk to death the River and Harbour Bill. This bill called for some $50,000,000 in appropriations; and, as Senator Hanna said, so far as getting money from the treasury was concerned, it "made the Ship Subsidy Bill look pale." Aided by friendly interpellations from Senator Wellington, Senator Carter held the floor until the expiration of Congress. As the Harbour Bill was believed to carry the principal rewards due to Congressmen, especially of the minority party, for their silence, if not consent, in measures disagreeable to them, the hypothesis gains plausibility that Senator Carter's action was not wholly disagreeable to the Senate leaders. On *March 4* the possibility of ratifying the Hay-Pauncefote treaty expired by time limitation, the Senate having taken no action thereon. At the special session of the Senate, called by the President to confirm nominations, the President's cabinet as already constituted was confirmed on *March 5*. On the same day and on *March 6* the Senate, having been unwontedly interested in Mr. Carter's monologue of March 3 and 4, discussed the advisability of adopting some such closure rule as holds in the House. Mr. Bacon, in expressing his disapproval, said that the House did not deliberate, it legislated without consideration through committee reports. It simply suggested measures and sent them to the Senate in a crude form, and the Senate had to examine them for both Houses. In view of the fact that the Senate has in the last few years become a sort of court of last resort on legislation, this statement is worthy of remark.

Estimates made by members of the House Committee on appropriations, made public on *March 6*, placed the total appropriations of the Fifty-sixth Congress at $1,440,062,545. The appropriations made by the first session of the Congress amounted to $710,150,862, and of the second session to $729,911,683.

The Senate adjourned on *March 9*.

III.

SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

The Legislatures of Oregon, Montana, Nebraska and Delaware have had a curious experience in balloting for United States Senators; and the Republican organisation, led by Senator Hanna, has in vain adjured the aspirants for honours in the two latter States, to place the good of the party before personal ambition. On *February 24* John H. Mitchell (Rep.) was re-elected to the Senate from Oregon on the fifty-third ballot of the session. In Montana, on *March 8*, twenty-two ballots having been taken on that day alone, Paris Gibson (Dem.) was elected Senator. The Delaware Legislature adjourned on the same day, leaving the State unrepresented in the Senate. Mr. J. Edward Addicks is the cause of this. He permitted Delaware only one Senator in the Fifty-fourth Congress and only one in the Fifty-sixth. This year there were two Senators to elect. The Legislature would not elect Addicks, and could not elect any one

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at all without Addicks; and so no Senator was elected. In Nebraska, likewise, two Senatorships are pending, and, likewise, the Legislature appears hopelessly deadlocked. Incidentally, both the Pennsylvania and the Nebraska Legislatures have passed resolutions calling upon Congress for a constitutional amendment providing for the direct election of Senators by the people.

IV.

CUBAN AFFAIRS.

On *February 21* the Cuban Constitution was signed by the members of the Constitutional Convention. On the same day General Wood communicated to the central committee the provisions as to the relations between the United States and Cuba, which the President thought Cuba should accept. These provisions were in substantial agreement with the first five of those afterward stipulated by Congress. The committee, in reporting back to the Convention, disapproved in part the Executive's suggestions. The committee considered unfounded the apprehension of the United States that the Cubans were unable to maintain by themselves a stable and independent government, for to that end the constitution had been especially drawn. Besides, they said, "Our duty consists in making Cuba independent of all other nations, including the great and noble American nation." If, now, we permit the United States to veto our international treaties, to intervene in our country, to support or displace administrations and to acquire and maintain naval stations, "we should appear to be independent of all the world, but we should not be so as regards the United States." Yet since the committee wished to please the United States, modified provisions were proposed to the Convention. These were accepted by that body on *February 27*. On *March 1* Congress passed the Army Appropriation Bill, carrying as a rider the stipulations with respect to Cuba, upon the acceptance of which the President was authorised to leave the island to its own devices.

The stipulations of Congress and the proposals of the Cuban Convention are as follows, each Congressional requirement being given first and being followed by the proposal, if any, of the Cuban Convention: I. Cuba shall not enter into entangling foreign alliances or permit any foreign power to obtain lodgment or control in Cuba.—The Convention agrees to this. II. Cuba shall consider legally valid the acts of the United States military government during the occupation of Cuba.—The Convention agrees to this. III. Cuba shall, for its better protection, sell or lease naval stations to the United States.—The Convention states that Cuban territory will not be used as a base for war operations against the United States or *any other* foreign power. IV. Cuba shall consent to intervention by the United States when necessary to the maintenance of Cuban independence and of a stable and republican form of government.—The Convention states that Cuba will assume as its own obligation the maintenance of independence and a republican government. V. Cuba shall not contract debts for whose interest and ultimate discharge the ordinary revenues of the Government are insufficient.—The Convention makes no proposal in this regard, the opinion being that the constitution itself makes adequate provision against the incurring of burdensome debt. VI. Cuba shall adopt measures of municipal sanitation acceptable to the United States for the mutual protection of the two countries.—The Convention makes no statement. VII. The title to the Isle of Pines shall be decided by negotiations between the two countries.—The Convention makes no statement. VIII. All of the foregoing provisions Cuba shall agree to and embody in a permanent treaty with the United States.—The Convention states that the commercial relations between the United States and Cuba shall be regulated by treaty, and that these relations shall be based upon reciprocity inclining toward free trade.

The Convention, upon receiving the demands of the United States as outlined above, took their own proposals into reconsideration. In this country, so eminent an anti-imperialist as Senator Hoar thought the demands of Congress proper and necessary for the assurance of Cuban independence. The anti-imperialistic press, however, inclined to the opinion that the demands were a repudiation of the resolution of 1898, that the Cuban delegates would probably reject them, and that then—happy day!—the United States would have to back down or coerce the people it had liberated. In his inaugural address on *March 4* the President, in adverting to the action of Congress, said that the United States was pledged before quitting the island to see that the government established had all the elements of permanence, stability and justice requisite to ensure the enduring independence of the Cubans, as provided for by the Congressional resolution of 1898, which must be made good, and by the treaty of Paris. On *March 8*, upon the recommendation of Governor Wood, an important concession was made to Cuban sentiment by an

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executive order abolishing after April 1 all export duties upon tobacco. These duties amounted annually to nearly $1,000,000, and were bitterly complained of by the tobacco planters.

V.

PHILIPPINE AFFAIRS.

On *February 27* the Senate passed the Spooner Bill, giving the President full power to conduct affairs in the Philippines. Before the vote was taken, the following amendments, important in that they indicated the policy the Government did not intend to follow, were offered and rejected. 1. The action of this Government in the Philippines shall be subject to the Constitution and the laws so far as applicable. 2. The United States does not propose to hold the Philippines permanently, but only to establish there a stable government. 3. The civil government established in the Philippines shall be participated in by the natives so far as is consistent with the safety of the government. 4. No official in the Philippines exercising legislative power shall also exercise judicial or executive power, or *vice versa*. The Spooner Bill passed the House on *March 1*. This bill provides that all military, civil and judicial powers necessary to govern the Philippine Islands shall, until otherwise provided by Congress, be vested in the President and his appointees. But all franchises granted under the President's authority may be amended or repealed. No sale or disposition shall be made of public lands, timber or mining rights. No franchise shall be granted which is not approved by the President as necessary for the immediate government of the islands and indispensable to their interests, and all franchises shall end one year after the establishment of a permanent civil government.

The Spooner Bill did not seem altogether to please any one. The anti-imperialists roundly denounced it as an act of "pure, simple, undiluted, unchecked despotism." By others it was contended that the clauses restricting franchises and prohibiting the sale or lease of public lands were most unwise; for, in the first place, the bulk of the timber of the Philippines is on public lands; and by locking up these lands building will be seriously retarded and lumber prices raised to the benefit of no one but private owners; and, in the second place, the short life given to franchises will tend to frighten away capital and delay the development of the island's industries. In his inaugural address on *March 4* the President stated that the policy of the administration, having been endorsed by Congress, would be continued, to suppress the insurrection and "to afford the inhabitants of the islands self-government. We are not," said the President, "waging war against the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands. A portion of them are waging war against the United States." "Order under civil institutions will come as soon as those who now break the peace shall keep it." On *March 6* a report from the Philippine commission, dated March 3, was made public. This report stated that attacks by the insurgents had become of rare occurrence; that through the kindly services and co-operation of some of the natives many other natives had surrendered or been captured; that the federal party, advocating American sovereignty, had spread rapidly to all parts of the islands; that five provincial governments had been established within three weeks; that on *March 11* the commission would start on a little trip to organise governments in many other places; and that, in short, conditions were never so favourable for "the restoration of complete peace and the accomplishment of the declared purposes of the President."

VI.

STATE AFFAIRS.

On *February 22* the New York police bill, devised by the Republican leaders to oust William S. Devery, the Tammany chief of police in New York City, received the Governor's signature. The bill abolishes the bipartisan board of four police commissioners and the office of chief of police and substitutes a single commissioner, appointed by the Mayor, but removable by the Governor. On the day the bill was signed, his honour, the mayor, appointed as commissioner Colonel Michael Murphy, president of the Health Board. On that day also Colonel Murphy appointed William S. Devery as deputy commissioner and vested him with the power to which he had been accustomed.

On *February 26* the New York Court of Appeals handed down a decision declaring unconstitutional a law of 1897 requiring contractors on public works to pay their employés the rate of wages prevailing in the locality where the work was done. The court stated that since the law compelled contractors to pay their labourers an arbitrary rate, "subject to constant change from artificial causes," it invaded the rights of liberty and property, and was, therefore, illegal. The idea of the law

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seemed to be to make contractors pay whatever wages the labour unions fixed, and they were high.

On *February 27* a bill was introduced in the Texas Legislature revoking the right of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company to do business in the State. This company, more generally known as the southern branch of the Standard Oil, has led an eventful life in Texas. The courts declared it a monopoly and ordered it to quit the State. The company appealed instead to the Supreme Court of the United States, which, on March 19, 1900, said that it found no fault with the local judiciary. Then the company dissolved, and another company with the same name was incorporated. The question raised by the Texas bill is the relation the new company bears to the old.

One of the first results of the new grant of power given to Matthew S. Quay by his re-election to the Senate was the passing, by the Pennsylvania Legislature, on *February 28*, of the so-called "Ripper" Bill. This bill purported to give a new charter to cities of the second class—Pittsburg, Alleghany and Scranton—but the city of Pittsburg was mainly in point. For in Pittsburg lived State Senator Flynn and, more especially, State Senator Magee, who had opposed Quay's re-election. The new act abolishes the office of Mayor and substitutes that of city recorder. The recorder is to be appointed by the Governor, and the recorder in turn appoints and removes the heads of the city departments. The government of Pittsburg is thus made to pass from State Senator Magee to Governor Stone, and through him to Senator Quay. It is stated that the constitutionality of the law will be tested in the courts. On *March 8* State Senator C. L. Magee died.

The North Dakota House has introduced a bill requiring that all cigarette packages shall be stamped on their face with a skull and cross-bones, and shall, in addition, bear the word "poison," printed in red ink.

VII.

TRADE MOVEMENTS.

Mr. Carnegie, who was a restless competitor in the steel trade, has now retired. And through his retirement and the agency of J. Pierpont Morgan and Company the largest made-to-order business corporation in the world has been formed. On *February 25* the United States Steel Corporation was incorporated in New Jersey with a capital stock *pro tempore* of $3000. On *February 26* announcement was made that the companies constituting the combination would be the Carnegie Steel Company, Federal Steel Company, National Steel Company, National Tube Company, American Steel and Wire Company, American Tin Plate Company, American Steel Hoop Company and American Sheet Steel Company. On *March 2* the plan of consolidation, so far as it concerned outside stockholders, was made public. The United States Steel Corporation authorised itself to issue $850,000,000 in stock for the acquisition of the stocks and bonds of the entering companies, except the Carnegie Company, and for other purposes, and to issue in addition $304,000,000 in bonds, to exchange for the bonds ($160,000,000) and 60 per cent. ($96,000,000) of the stock of the Carnegie Company. The total issue of the new securities would thus be $1,154,000,000. The aggregate capital stock of the seven companies that are to receive stock, and not bonds, from the new corporation is $217,085,900 in preferred stock and $239,984,300 in common stock. According to the published rates of exchange, the United States Steel Corporation will issue in exchange $261,452,612 of preferred stock and $269,720,623 of common, a net increase of $74,103,035. Now, these seven companies are already over-capitalised, considering them together, to about the extent of their common stock, or a little over half of their stock capitalisation. To this $240,000,000 of water there will be added $75,000,000 exclusive of bonuses and promoters' profits. "We have," remarks the *Journal of Commerce*, "inflation upon inflation, and the capitalisation ceases to be any measure of the real potency of the combination." The preferred stock, indeed, is fairly well secured—the dividends being cumulative—but the common stock can hardly represent more than the profits hoped for. Buoyed up as the new concern is by the Carnegie Company, its future shares sold on the market for about 38 for common stock and 80 for preferred.

The prospectus of the company stated that even if increased dividends were paid, the prices of the manufactured products would not *necessarily* be raised. Financial and trade journals pointed out that it is not certain that prices *can* be raised, at least materially. For, although the combination will be a dominant factor in the structural steel business, it will not start as a monopoly, nor has it the facilities which the Standard Oil had for becoming one. In the first place, the company will control a little less than half of the pig-iron output, upon which the manufactured products depend.

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In the second place, nearly every product of the company is also made in varying quantities by independent concerns that cannot easily be squelched. Finally, the company is not a compact and homogeneous organisation. Besides the problem of a steel demand, which varies widely and uncertainly from time to time, the company will have to meet the further problems caused by over-capitalisation and conflicting internal interests.

On *February 13* the Secretary of the Treasury announced that until the courts decided otherwise, he would collect countervailing duties on Russian sugar imported to the United States. This action, the secretary said, was required by the Dingley tariff law, which provides that whenever any country shall directly or *indirectly* pay bounties upon the export of goods, then a customs duty equal to that bounty shall be levied upon those goods when they enter the United States. Now, although Russia does not directly give a bounty, she does remit on exported sugar the duties collected on sugar consumed at home. On *February 15* M. De Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, in answer to Secretary Gage's action, issued an order increasing by 30 per cent. the import duties on American steel and iron products, exclusive of agricultural implements. In the order M. De Witte said that this act was "*involuntary* on the part of Russia, being provoked by the other side," and that "the friendship between the two nations promised a speedy end to the accidental misunderstanding." After the issue of M. De Witte's order many papers criticised the Secretary's action on the ground that, since American steel products were exported to Russia to a much greater value than sugar was imported to this country, the Dingley law should have been construed less strictly. The Secretary replied on *February 18* that sugars coming from other bounty-paying countries, such as France, Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands, were subjected to additional duties, and that the exemption of Russian sugar would properly be regarded by those countries as an unfair discrimination. As to the amount of American exports prejudiced by Russia's order, statements prepared by the Treasury Department and made public *March 7* showed that the total exports of the United States to Russia in 1900 amounted to $10,470,449, of which only $2,872,429 would have been affected by the present tariff retaliation. To Germany, on the other hand, which is a country keen to note commercial discriminations, this country exported in 1900 goods to the value of $197,603,400.

VIII.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

On *February 14*, with Madrid under martial law, the Princess of Asturias, sister of the young King Alfonso XIII., was married to Prince Charles, son of that Count of Caserta who fought under Don Carlos against the present Spanish dynasty. If the young king dies, and he is reported to be a puny child, the princess will reign; hence are partially explained the popular riots which occurred in some sixty Spanish towns. A further explanation is that the old count persisted in coming to Madrid in person to witness his son's marriage. But beyond this the revolt was anti-clerical, anti-Jesuistic and anti-absolutist. The Conservative ministry, representing to the popular thought the affirmative of all these things, was impelled to resign; and on *March 5* Señor Sagasta, the Liberal leader, accepted the task of forming a new cabinet.

On *February 28* an abstract of the Russian agreement with China with regard to Manchuria was reported to the effect that the Czar would graciously forgive the recent disturbances in the province upon the following main conditions: That Chinese soldiers shall be expelled from Manchuria, the importation of arms prohibited, and various high officials degraded; that foreigners (except Russians) shall not hold official positions in Manchuria or drill Chinese soldiers anywhere in northern China; that in Manchuria, Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan no railway, mining or other concession shall be granted to any foreigners (except Russians) nor shall China herself build railways there; and that in payment for the destruction of the Manchurian railway China shall, among other things, make some acceptable commercial concession. On *March 4* it was stated in the House of Commons that England was asking Russia about these things. On *March 7* the ministry said that Russia reported that she had made only a temporary arrangement with China in order to prevent further disturbances near the Russian frontier and to protect the railway to Port Arthur. The Czar did not intend in any way to depart from his assurance that Manchuria should be entirely restored to its former condition as soon as circumstances permitted. This explanation of the Czar was admitted by correspondents to be complete, but of such a nature

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that if other foreign powers adopted it, there would be but little delay in the partition of the Chinese Empire.

On *February 14* Parliament was opened by King Edward VII. On *March 4* discussion of the administration of the War Office was begun in the House of Lords. Lord Wolseley, formerly commander-in-chief of the army, said that the present system, with a civilian secretary at the head, robbed the commander-in-chief of his power and entailed a hopelessly divided responsibility. The Marquis of Landsdowne, formerly the civilian secretary of war, replied that even so, Lord Wolseley might have prepared plans for army defence and mobilisation, informed the secretary that Ladysmith was a poor strategic position, and understood that more than one army corps would be needed to subdue South Africa. On *March 8* the anticipated scheme of army reform was presented to the Commons. This provided for a net increase in the army of 126,500 troops. Three complete army corps, 120,000 men, were to be ready to be sent abroad at any time. More modern arms, experienced officers and longer training for the militia and volunteers were to be provided.

The attitude of the Irish party in Parliament was indicated on *February 21*, when John A. Redmond, the leader, said: "We propose to expose the iniquity of the Boer War and to make a general assault along the whole line. Having a man to fight, Ireland will relinquish her chivalrous attitude." On *March 5*, upon a motion to close debate, several of the Irish members refused to vote. Thereupon, sixteen of them were removed by the police. On *March 8* the House passed a motion, providing that suspension for the session should be the penalty for disobedience to the chair.

The principal interest of the month in South Africa was the chase given by the British to General De Wet, whom, however, they did not catch. But the increasing exhaustion of the Boer forces was evident. At a conference on *February 27* between Lord Kitchener and General Botha an armistice was said to have been agreed upon in order that General Botha might bring to the attention of the other Boer generals the terms offered by the British. These terms were understood to include general amnesty to all who surrendered and also the aid of Great Britain in repairing the havoc of the war. While the result of the negotiations was not announced, it was thought that General De Wet and President Steyn would remain irreconcilable.

Mansfield Allan.

LITERARY PARIS

A writer of quite secondary importance has just disappeared, the announcement of whose death carried me back over thirty years, to the days of my youth. His name, or rather his pseudonym, was Louis Noir. His real name was Salmon. His works consisted of emotional, almost blood-curdling novels, of the kind that *Le Petit Journal* uses to publish as *feuilletons*. But even in that line he did not occupy the first place; and he must be ranked far below Ponson du Terrail, Xavier de Montépin, Émile Richebourg and Fortuné du Boisgobey. He would by this time have been quite forgotten, had he not had a younger brother, Victor Noir, who on the tenth of January, 1870, was killed by Prince Pierre Bonaparte. What the excitement of Paris was when, the next morning, Rochefort's paper, *La Marseillaise*, appeared with a ringing call to arms, no one can imagine. The day after, we all went to the victim's house, a small building, just outside the walls of Paris. At least one hundred thousand men were there—workingmen, students, men of letters. We wanted the burial to take place in one of the Paris cemeteries, and the hottest heads among us hoped that the speeches around the grave might give the signal for a revolution. But the Government had issued strict orders that the body must be interred in the family burial-place in the small village cemetery. The leaders were inside the house, discussing the situation. At last Charles Delescluze, the editor of an ultra-Republican paper, *Le Réveil*, appeared at a window, and advising us to be calm, saying that the Government was aching to have us commit some imprudence which would allow it to slaughter the Republicans, informed us that it had been decided not to attempt to have the

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burial inside of the city. He was followed by Rochefort, ashy pale and almost trembling, who spoke in the same strain, and soon after we started for the cemetery. During the speeches I stood exactly under the window from which the orators spoke. I had with me two intimate friends, Godefroy Cavaignac and Paul de Beaumont, the son of the writer Gustave de Beaumont. Each of us had a revolver in his pocket. After the funeral we marched back to Paris, holding each other by the arm, blocking from side to side the Route de la Révolte, and singing, or rather howling, the "Marseillaise." What a song, when coming out from one hundred thousand throats under such tremendous excitement! When we reached the city gates we had to divide; and just behind the walls we found the regiments and batteries which the Government had kept there, waiting for us. We went home, and the day passed without bloodshed. Was it best? Who knows? Perhaps a collision on that day might have changed the course of events and averted the war which broke out a few months later and brought such disasters upon our country. I repeat, Who knows?

Armand Silvestre, who also died during the last weeks, was a strange combination. He was a faithful public officer, an elegiac poet and an author of remarkably well-written and ultra-spicy short stories. He also wrote for the stage. One of his plays, *Griselidis,* had quite a run in the Théâtre Français. His elegiac poems are exquisitely delicate and refined. One could hardly believe that they came from the same pen as the *Gil Blas* stories. Were it not for these stories Silvestre would have been almost sure of a seat in the Academy.

It is expected that the elections to the two vacant seats in that illustrious body will take place at the end of May. There will be a great many candidates, and Edmond Rostand will not have a walkover; his most formidable rival will be Edmond Harancourt. The favourite candidate for the Duc de Broglie's seat at the present time is the Marquis de Vogüé, the uncle, I think, of the Vicomte de Vogüé, who has been a member for several years.

As some bookmen, though few in numbers, I suppose, can afford to pay $400 for a single book, I mention here the work just published on Ingres, the great French painter of fifty years ago, by M. Henry Lapauze. It contains no less than six hundred illustrations, and has a bright introduction by Henri Roujon, the directeur-général des Beaux-Arts.

The other books of the month can be had at much more reasonable figures. Among the poets who have had something to say we find Émile Verhaeren, who has just published, not in Le Grand Paris, but in Le Petit Paris—that is, in Brussels—a new volume of poems, *Petites Légendes,* which will delight his admirers, but will fail to convince the public at large of the superiority of the new school of French poetry. To Sully-Prudhomme we owe a volume which, though containing no verses, deals exclusively with poetical topics; the title, *Testament Poétique,* would seem to indicate that the author considers his creative period ended. All lovers of lofty, philosophical poetry will hope that he may reconsider his determination.

We have another prose work by a poet, *Au Pays des Pardons,* by Anatole Le Braz. It is, perhaps, the most satisfactory book ever published about Brittany. M. Le Braz himself is a Breton, and handles with uncommon skill the Celtic dialect of his native land. I remember hearing him make a short speech in Celtic once at Saint-Malo; we did not understand a word, but we applauded him all the same, *de confiance.* We knew he was celebrating the glory of Châteaubriand; that was enough.

Novelists have kept the presses busy as usual. Gyp has given us a novel of a sentimental character which may safely be read by those who object to her usual productions, *Le Friquet.* To J. H. Rosny (that is, the Rosny brothers) we owe the most successful novel of the month, *Le Chemin d'Amour.* Léon de Tinseau, in *Au Coin d'une Dot,* deals with themes of a decidedly less poetical nature. His heroine is a "richissime Américaine," much more attractive and more sympathetically presented than the so-called Américaines whom one meets in Abel Hermant's somewhat hysterical books.

Jean des Bandes Noires, of Pierre Gauthiez, is as much a description of Italy in the sixteenth century as it is a novel. It is a powerful book. The same may be said of Maurice Talmeyr's *La*

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Cité de Sang. The pictures it presents are far from being all of a pleasant nature; but they are decidedly impressive.

There have been also quite a number of translations, and among them two of English novels, *Tess of the D'Urbevilles* and *Jude the Obscure.*

The most amusing, or rather entertaining, of the latest French publications presents itself under the garb of a bulky two-volume historical work; it is the *Fouché* of M. Louis Madelin. The author would like the public to think a little less harshly of the notorious minister of police of Napoleon. M. Madelin can hardly be said to have made out his case; but he has produced an exceedingly bright biography, and has set it in an excellent and very vivid picture of French society during the three important periods in which Fouché was an actor—the Revolution, the reign of Napoleon and the Restoration.

Another interesting Napoleon book is *Napoléon Prisonnier,* by Paul Frémeaux. It consists mainly of the report of a surgeon of the British navy, Dr. Stokoe, who incurred Sir Hudson Lowe's hatred by his considerate treatment of the imperial captive. It is an interesting appendix, as it were, to Lord Rosebery's book.

We have quite a number of other books of a more or less historical character dealing some with the past, some with the present, and one even with the future. M. Henri Avenel, in his book *La Presse Française au Vingtième Siècle,* presents to us a forecast which will be of the highest interest for our grandchildren and great-grandchildren when they can compare the author's predictions with the events as they really took place.

Father Henri Brémond, of the Order of Jesuits, relates with the sympathy which was to be expected what is known as the Oxford movement. The title of his book is *L'Inquiétude Religieuse.*

Paul Lacour presents a number of interesting sketches of celebrated women in *Les Femmes dans l'Histoire: les Amazones.* Pierre Brun's book, *Autour du Dix-septième Siècle,* is a collection of chatty papers about France under Louis XIII. and Louis XIV.; and a new writer, who assumes the name of Véga, gives us a picture of Guizot's mother under this title: *La Mère d'un Grand Homme d'État.* The title would have been better if Madame Guizot mère had been called *La Mère d'un Grand Historien* or *d'un Grand Orateur,* for Guizot's statesmanship is not usually considered as deserving much praise and admiration.

In literary history two important books are to be noted. One, M. Martinenche's *La Comédie Espagnole en France de Hardy à Racine,* is a doctor's thesis. It admirably completes Rigal's book on Hardy, and with Bernardin's *Tristan l'Hermite* enables us to know with accurate detail what the French stage was in the seventeenth century.

The other deals with the eighteenth century; it is an exhaustive work on *Les Encyclopédistes,* by Professor Louis Ducros.

Add to that two thoughtful works by Professor Émile Boutmy, one a collection of three essays, *Taine, Scherer, Laboulaye,* the other an *Essai d'une Psychologie Politique du Peuple Anglais au XIXe Siècle;* a description of British India, *L'Inde et le Problème Indien,* by Paul Boell; a volume of political discussions, Émile Faguet's *Problèmes Politiques du Temps Présent,* and a charming description of the Mediterranean coast near Nice, *Au Pays Bleu,* by Henri Moris, and you will admit that French littérateurs this month have delivered themselves almost *de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis.*

Adolphe Cohn.

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ESSAYS, LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES. Translated from the Russian of Count Lyof Tolstoy. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

The miscellaneous writings which comprise much of the literary activity of Count Tolstoy for the past two or three years are here for the first time given to the public in book form and in English. They are a collection of magazine articles, letters to newspapers and to friends, and diary jottings, some of the first having been published in an emasculated form in the Russian periodicals, and as originally written in journals in French Switzerland. They are translated by several persons, but for the most part Mr. Aylmer Maude, of England, is to be thanked for the excellent English rendering.

A book of this kind is often fragmentary and unsatisfactory. It is a significant proof of the singleheartedness of Tolstoy's life and ideals, in spite of the wide diversity of interests his great culture and immense knowledge entail, that the volume here under consideration leaves no such impression. We do find traces of inconsistency, of unexpected contradiction, and here and there a lack of logic; but the thought which holds the book together—the ardent longing for justice, for brotherly love in the widest sense, for the Christ ideal in our daily life—this thread is strong enough to make a complete and living whole of a varied assortment of entities. When a man of unusual mind, with a mission to mankind, finds himself on the downhill of life, he begins to slight accessories, and to grow impatient of unnecessary details in the imparting of his message. Thus, in spite of Tolstoy's eminent novelistic talent, his later romances show that the poet is being thrust into the background by the thinker. The story clothing the idea becomes diffuse and at times dulling, defeating its own purposes of reaching the many who demand the novelistic form in their literary diet. The many detect the preponderance of idea, and reject the semblance of a story, while the few prefer the truth with no unnecessary trammelling of clothing. The few will, therefore, find much pleasure in these fragmentary writings, for they give the pure, unadulterated essence of Tolstoy's thought and creeds, animated by the unconventional ardour of a conversation of friend with friend.

The most important essays in length, form and subject-matter begin the book. The opening article, entitled "Patriotism and Christianity," is a masterpiece. With burning words the great Russian scathes that so-called virtue which Dr. Johnson has dubbed "the last refuge of a scoundrel." Tolstoy says more at length, but the same in idea:

> Patriotism in its simplest, clearest and most indubitable significance is nothing else but a means of obtaining for the rulers their ambitions and covetous desires, and for the ruled the abdication of human dignity, reason and conscience and a slavish enthralment to those in power. And as such it is recommended wherever preached. Patriotism is slavery.

Count Tolstoy shows how this thing called patriotism is nowadays responsible for most of the licensed murder we term war, and for the burden of militarism under which the greater part of civilised Europe, worshipping officially the Prince of Peace, groans to-day. To Tolstoy peace conferences and international peace leagues are alike useless and ridiculous. The one and only remedy—until public opinion has been taught to see the wrong of it—for the horror of war lies in each individual refusing to bear arms or in any way to assist in the maintenance of armies. The solemn absurdities of international diplomacy and the doings of kings, emperors, courts and cabinets, which are so supremely unimportant to the great mass of the people, but which loom so large in the printed records of the day's work, come in for their full share of the writer's scorn. In some delicious bits of phrasing Count Tolstoy asserts that he knows it to be unintentional on the part of the chief actors, but that none the less, the cruel absurdity of it all should be pointed out.

A series of articles give moving pen pictures of the horrors of famine in Russia and a modest description of the noble work which Tolstoy himself is doing, almost single-handed, to relieve some of the misery and hopelessness. Among the literary articles a charming essay on Guy de Maupassant engages most attention. It is a fine review from the standpoint of the newer criticism which gauges a poet by the importance of his work to humanity and by his moral relation to his subject. The portrait of Count Tolstoy accompanying the book accentuates its value, for there is a look of world-weariness in the face, which seems to suggest that these fragments might soon come to bear the weight of a last message.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

NOTES OF AN ITINERANT POLICEMAN. By Josiah Flynt. Boston: L. C. Page & Company. $1.25.

Notes of an Itinerant Policeman, if one is to consider it comparatively, must, without any hesitation, be ranked far below the author's

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Tramping With Tramps. It has not the scope of the earlier book, and it was obviously written rather hurriedly and in response to the demand for the writer's work provoked by the popularity, well and deservedly won, of the first publication. In consequence, it invites a certain amount of adverse criticism; but after that criticism has been passed there remains a great deal to be said in its favour. It is easy and interesting reading; it is replete with instructive and amusing anecdote; and it contributes some very excellent chapters to a subject which no one now writing knows so intimately and so well as Josiah Flynt.

The notes upon which this volume is based were gathered, for the most part, during the later spring and the early summer of 1899. A few months before Mr. Flynt had returned from a long residence abroad, during which he had been studying tramp life in Russia, Germany, and England. The American tramp he had known intimately for some time; but this knowledge was entirely the knowledge of the inside, acquired in tramp lodging-houses, at tramp camp-fires, and by tramp life in jail. What he had not felt was the impression the tramp makes on the man whose business it is to keep an official watch over him while he is in the open. The opportunity for a study of this side of the question came when Mr. Flynt was offered by the chief of a large railroad police force a position as patrolman, where, in company with two other officers, he was put on a "beat," extending over two thousand miles of railroad property. His duties while engaged in this work were many and varied, and afforded him admirable opportunities for the studies that he had in mind. He and his fellow-patrolmen had to travel over the property, protecting picnic trains, big excursions, passengers travelling to and from towns where circuses were exhibiting, and the ordinary schedule traffic, whenever there was reason to believe that pickpockets and other thieves were likely to put in an appearance.

Early in the spring, wandering bands of thieves start out on tours of the railroads. They follow up circuses and picnics, and make it a point to attend all big gatherings, such as county fairs, races, conclaves, and congresses. Their main "graft," or business, is pocket picking, but in a well-equipped "mob" there are also burglars, sneak thieves, and professional gamblers. The pickpockets and gamblers operate, when they can, on passenger trains, and they have become so numerous and troublesome in a number of States that railroad companies are compelled to furnish their own protection for their patrons.

Probably there is no chapter in the book more striking than that which suggests "A New Career for Young Men." In this chapter Mr. Flynt calls attention to the very significant fact that the police business of the country remains almost exclusively in the hands of a particular class, and that the police force of each city considers its work done when it keeps the city superficially clean. The young man just out of college and casting about for a foothold in the world practically never includes the police career in the number of life activities from which he must make a choice. In Germany, the author points out, men train for police and prison work as deliberately and diligently as for any other profession.

The chapter entitled "What Tramps Read" contains some information that is likely to prove surprising to the average citizen.

Thackeray and Dickens are the favourite novelists of the majority of tramps that I have happened to talk with about books, but the works of Victor Hugo and Eugene Sue are also very popular. The general criticism of the books of all these writers, however, is that they are "terribly long drawn out." A tramp who had just finished reading Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* once said to me: "Why the devil didn't he choke it off in the middle, and leave out all the descriptions? It's a good book all right enough, but it's as long-winded as a greyhound." Robert Louis Stevenson, on the other hand, is admired by a Western tramp acquaintance of mine on account of his "big mouthfuls of words.'

The tramp, however, as a rule does not select his reading by such high standards. At the beginning of his career his taste runs to the dime novel, and it is not until he has served a term in prison that he takes a definite interest in the books that appeal to educated people. In some prisons the wardens keep track of the kind of books the prisoners call for, in an attempt to read the characters of the men from their literary preferences. The prisoner, however, is, as a rule, a thorough *poseur,* and makes his selections with an eye to their impression on those in authority.

Popular books, such as *Trilby, David Harum* and *Mr. Dooley* almost never reach the tramps until long after their immediate success is over. The tramps have no money to invest in books of the hour, and the consequence is that while the public is reading a book of some new favourite author, they are poring over books that were popular several years back. There are roadsters who are to-day reading for the first time the earliest books of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and other well-known authors, and the next crop of vagabonds will probably read the works

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of writers who are now in the foreground. In Chicago I met one day a tramp who had just discovered Bret Harte, and he thought that "Tennessee's Partner" and "The Outcast of Poker Flat" were recent stories. "I tell ye, Cigarette," he declared enthusiastically, "these stories 'll make that fella's fortune. Just wait till people get to talkin' about 'em, and you'll see how they'll sell." He had read the tales in a sailor's mission, to which somebody had donated a mutilated Tauchnitz edition of Bret Harte's writings.

Firmin Dredd.

THE WOMEN OF THE RENAISSANCE. By R. de Maulde la Clavière. Translated by George Herbert Ely. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50,

A book with as much thought as lies in this volume of M. de Maulde does not come in a reviewer's way often enough to cloy his taste. It is a French book, undoubtedly; even in its excellent English translation it can never be Englishised in any degree. The youngest, the lightest of us, would have taken the subject with a different lightness, perhaps; but, if serious at all, with a seriousness as far removed from that of M. de Maulde and his Renaissance ladies as Plato himself was removed from the majority of those who profess a belief in Platonic love. Everything is so brightly, so captivatingly important in this volume; the search into the past has been so well rewarded, the conclusions are so shrewd and clever, the subject is so limitless, yet curiously limited, that as history or as psychology it should gain a large public. It undervalues itself in declaring that in it a few women's hearts are deciphered; it is truer to say that in it most women's souls are probed—certainly most French women's souls. It is a genuine study of feminism, and the moral of it is that "good women should love the beautiful, and that virtue can be neither tiresome nor torpid."

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NOVEL NOTES

QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER. By Charles Felton Pidgin Boston: C. M. Clark. $1.50.

UNCLE TERRY. By Charles Clark Munn. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

A few years ago people wrote novels with no other end in view than to tell a story. Only the great writers made studies of character; the small fry peacefully turned off their tales; the characters in their books were frankly marionettes and the setting of their stories were incidental. Even in the case of such popular successes as *The House on the Marsh* and *As It Was Written* no pretence was made on the part of either author or publisher that the books were anything deeper in significance than thrilling tales. The very livery of such books—unpretentious paper covers—showed that they did not pose as permanent works, but merely as novels to be read in some idle half hour and then tossed aside.

At present, novels of the most ephemeral type come to us nicely bound in buckram, usually well printed on fair paper, as though they really expected a place on library bookshelves.

No longer do the clothes of a book have any relation to its social standing; and not content with aping their betters in matters of dress, these jackdaws in peacocks' feathers make a pretence of seriousness: they pretend to be studies of life. Their characters are looked on as creations. In short, the public is supposed to believe that these harmless stories are literature.

Formerly, novels of this stamp kept their proper place. When the reviewer indulgently spoke of a pretty story by Rosa Nouchette Carey or mentioned *O Tender Dolores,* by "The Duchess," every one knew what novels by these ladies represented—and that was a tale told with little art and less insight into character.

When books that have all the defects of these tales are presented to the public by their authors, with all the circumstance of Charles Frohman presenting a play, it is time that some one made a protest.

Two recent examples of this are *Quincy Adams Sawyer,* by Charles Felton Pidgin, and *Uncle Terry,* by Charles Clark Munn. The former is dedicated to poor Professor James Russell Lowell, whose poem, "The Courtier," unfortunately inspired Mr. Pidgin to write this book. The object of Mr. Pidgin is twofold—to give a realistic picture of New England life of twenty-five years ago and at the same time to paint the portrait of a True American Gentleman.

The latter book tries to disguise itself as an idyll of New England life. It is dedicated to "those who love to wander over green meadows, along mirthful brooks or beneath forest trees where the birds dwell, or find content on lonely shores or music in the ocean's voice."

And while the publishers of *Uncle Terry* assert that Mr. Munn is not an imitator of Mr. Westcott, and say that Uncle Terry was almost finished before David Harum ever thought of trading horses, readers will inevitably believe that the "featuring" of *Uncle Terry* was the result of the success of Mr. Westcott's book.

Both *Uncle Terry* and *Quincy Adams Sawyer* are announced as wholesome reactions against the problem novel—that poor problem novel which was buried five years ago under the avalanche of historical romances and guileless pastoral literature. It is asserted of each one of them that it is a great New England novel.

The anti-climax is that these tales are not reactions against anything; they are not pictures of any kind of life. The most amateur novel reader will recognise the characters and situations. Even Quincy Adams Sawyer as he walks his pompous way, dressed in an eternal frock coat and bestrewing his path with eternal ten-dollar bills, is only another incarnation of Aubrey Plantagenet with all his false standards and all the *faux luxe* of his environment.

In both the books under consideration the country girls' simple manners are contrasted with the slangy ways of town-bred misses. In both it is proved to us that rich young gentlemen really ought to work; and in both we find lovely waifs who have been washed up by the sea.

Neither author has revealed new genius in the treatment of these respectable old themes. But to Mr. Pidgin it has been granted to find a new use for that familiar lady, the heroine-whose-very-first-book-is-a-thrilling-success. This ingenious gentleman has made her advertise his forthcoming volume. For the heroine of *Quincy Adams Sawyer* writes a book whose success is overwhelming, and its name is the name of the historical romance that Mr. Pidgin will presently give to the world.

M. H. Vorse.

BABS, THE IMPOSSIBLE. By Sarah Grand. New York: Messrs. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

Everybody will agree that Babs is impossible. Some persons will go further and agree

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that Sarah Grand herself is impossible. However, she is not as impossible in this book as she was in *The Heavenly Twins. Babs* is a much pleasanter story than the former sensationally popular one. It has many of the humorous aspects of that book without its exaggerations. In the introduction Mrs. Grand writes: "People go to the cities to see life; but when they want to know life they return to the quiet fields. Human nature is the same everywhere, but it is in single specimens, and not in the restless masses, stripped of all individuality and moulded by fiction into conventional form, that the student still finds traits which are worth his research." It is, therefore, in a small English village—"seventeen miles from a railway station"—that the scene of the story is laid. The characters are mostly women, as men are scarce in a village seventeen miles from a railway station. Lorraine Kingconstance, known as Babs, the Impossible, is a young girl in her early teens, who leads her mother and friends a "dance." She is a pink-cheeked, blonde-haired. angelic-looking child, who does the same sort of thing that the Heavenly Twins were noted for doing. Sarah Grand's dialogue is good, and it is often exceedingly amusing. She is thoroughly indifferent as to the working out of her plot, if plot there be. In the beginning of the story one is led to suppose that there is a mystery connected with Lord Cadenhouse, who lived an odd sort of secluded life in a house with a mysterious tower, where the light burns all night and where Babs, the irrepressible, calls on him at all sorts of unexpected hours. Lord Cadenhouse is impossible, too. "Nature had meant him for a man, but his own idea had been to thwart nature by playing the part of an angel on earth." He plays a considerable part in the story, and when the last page has been turned one does not know whether he is to marry Miss Kingconstance, as he has promised to do, or whether he will break the heart of the older woman to marry the niece, who has always loved him in her wild and immature fashion. There is another man in the story about whom the author makes many dark hints, and that is Mr. Jellybond Tinney, an adventurer. He is an amusing diversion, and his entrance into the little village causes a flutter among the many unoccupied females who are leading dull and suppressed lives. He makes love to them in a nice, gentle way, and looks upon himself in the light of a philanthropist. Mr. Jellybond Tinney has a flavour of Dickens about him.

Taking the book as a whole, however, and in spite of its light and humorous features, it has the same unhealthy tendencies that Sarah Grand has shown in her previous books. Lord Cadenhouse, living for the spirit and "suppressing the flesh altogether," and Babs, "a little Pagan, living for her senses alone," are exaggerated types. They are both unbalanced, although it is hardly fair to expect a girl of seventeen to have gained a proper mental balance. As an excuse for making her heroine a mere child, the author says: "Do you think that only those who have reached maturity are interesting? You forget that the bud may be sweeter, and often in form is more beautiful, than the full-blown flower, and surely dimly foreshadowed possibilities, by causing pleasurable conjectures, delight the mind and exercise it more wholesomely than those dry facts which have but to be acquired, and leave nothing to be anticipated, hoped for or feared, because they leave nothing doubtful." *Babs, the Impossible,* leaves the mind full of doubts, as evidently the author intended that it should do.

Flora Mai Holly.

THAT MAINWARING AFFAIR. By A. Maynard Barbour. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.50.

It always seems a pity to review a detective story or a story with a mystery in it, as such stories are written to entertain and to puzzle the reader and not written for the benefit of the book reviewer. However, we are moved to say something about *That Mainwaring Affair,* because it is especially worthy of notice. It is a detective story, although not of the Anna Katherine Green order; in fact, it is considerably better than the usual story of Anna Katherine Green. Mrs. Barbour has contrived to make her characters interesting while solving her mystery. She has written a novel which does not depend entirely upon detectives for its being. In all fairness to author and to reader we refrain from telling much of the story here. Let it merely be said, therefore, that there is a murder—a nice, neat murder—a lost will with millions involved, and a deep mystery connected with certain members of the Mainwaring family. The mystery grows and grows until, for a time, one becomes indifferent as to who committed the murder. Mrs. Barbour has a trick of seeming to explain everything every little while, whereas she really ex-

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plains nothing until the very last chapter. To be sure, the dialogue is wooden in places, and the love scenes are what love scenes usually are in books of this character, but the story is entertaining reading for all that. Then there is a genuine surprise in the working out of the plot, and that is the main thing.

LORD JIM. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.50.

If Mr. Henry James had a consummate knowledge of life at sea and in the Pacific Coast towns and settlements, he would write a novel very like *Lord Jim.* Is this praise or blame? Granting the supreme talent of Mr. James, would it be rightly or wrongly devoted to analysing the soul behind the rough-and-tumble life of a sailor and a ship-chandler's water clerk? Is it well for us to be reminded that such persons may be as infinitely complicated, as civilisedly degenerate as any dweller in refined and sophisticated circles? We do not know. Mr. Conrad may have written an unwise—he certainly has written an interesting book. Let not the tired reader, the reader only in want of amusement or distraction, approach *Lord Jim;* for it is more than usually serious, more than usually depressing, and to such as are not psychological students it must seem very tedious. There is no bad work in it, but there is far too much good—which amounts to the same thing: half of it should have been mercilessly sacrificed, and no essential of the pathetic and attractive and hopeless Jim would have suffered. The book is all Jim—there is nothing else in it that counts. He is a romanticist, a sentimentalist, a sailor made of fine stuff, who had all his young life "been elaborating dangers and defences, expecting the worst, rehearsing his best." But the worst came in an unexpected way; and, speaking brutally, he proved himself a coward; speaking charitably, he lost his opportunity. He never will face that part of him that made "the mistake," but he knows he has to expiate it. The "mistake" dogs him. In the end he goes out of his way to seek a bullet, so that with his last consciousness he may feel he is no coward. And his biographer, who loves him, yet must comment thus on the fact: "He goes away from a living woman to celebrate his pitiless wedding with a shadowy ideal of conduct." Judged as a story, *Lord Jim* may find various criticism. Judged as a document, it must be acknowledged a masterpiece.

A KING'S PAWN. By Hamilton Drummond. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.50.

The time of Henry of Navarre Mr. Drummond knows through and through. He has a predilection for that monarch on account of his charm and subtlety; but he does not idealise him, and makes his hero in this book fight for Henry, and play his game and love him, with his eyes open to his defects. The hero, not the young stripling of fashionable adventure fiction, but a staid man of mature years, is a fine combination of prudence and daring; his old squire Marcel is even more to our liking; and on their expedition into Spain on the king's errand they shame youth with their daily feats and heroism. Dumas is clearly the inspirer of the book. We trace the Dumas inspiration plainly in the old villainess, Teresa Saumarez. But Mr. Drummond only needs Dumas to set the tone, to control the temper of his tale. His material he has found himself and thoroughly digested, and inventions he has and to spare. The work in the story is beyond the appreciation of the ordinary schoolboy reader.

A SON OF AUSTERITY. By George Knight. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. $1.50.

This is the story of the progress of a prig. To do the prig justice, he is faintly aware of his priggery before we take leave of him, and a little ashamed of it. We believe his future intentions are good. But what will become of him when it disappears? Will he be just an ordinary young man? If this happens, may he never find it out! For he is not of the sort to bear it well. Paul is that most dreary thing for the hero of a novel—a dilettante dabbler in literature, an aspiring but raw, half-educated thinker, and young enough to love very tall talk. But an older man encourages him. Says the Rev. Patrick Stuart to him: "If soaring epigrams were logic, you would be a second Aristotle."

"I will descend instanter," said Paul, knitting his brows ominously; the vicar's rapier was no despicable bodkin, "and summarise, as thus: the crux of the Eternal, the Beyond, the Not-Earthly, is the Infinite."

The older man listens indulgently, but readers may be less well-mannered. Besides talk, there is a story, more or less good. But the personages are tortured into complexity. However, there is an extraordinary amount of cleverness running about the story, though fewer ideas and a little more art would have made a better book.

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JOHN CHARITY. By H. A. Vachell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

Mr. Vachell has contrived to flood his pages with the magic sunshine of Alta California. His is a charming picture of a charming land, a land of love-making and sword-play, of fair women and gallant men. It is marred somewhat, to our thinking, by the needlessly tragic end. Mr. Vachell consoles his hero and defends himself by the reflection that Magdalena was too fairy-like for this imperfect world. Strictly speaking, this may be true, but such horrible practicality is out of place in a romance. Apart from this the story is as good as it can be; and if the end is tragic it is most effectively contrived. Mr. Vachell writes in vivid and picturesque fashion with artistic economy of phrase. He knows the country and the people, and he paints them with loving sympathy. Perhaps in reality the land was less Arcadian, the women not all so fair, nor the men such daring horsemen. It may be so, but that is no fault of Mr. Vachell's.

LIKE ANOTHER HELEN. By George Horton. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. $1.50.

Mr. Horton has written a modern novel with an old-time background. The year is 1897, and the scene the island of Crete, where the insurgents "had risen for the hundredth time and were fighting desperately for liberty and the Christian faith." He dedicates the book to "His Royal Highness, George of Greece, High Commissioner in Crete." The story is red with blood from the beginning to the end. It is truly a horror story. Out of the carnage there are three characters which stand prominently: Peter Lindbohm, "forty years of age or thereabouts. . . . Blue, very light blue eyes, straw-coloured hair, a horseshoe moustache, six feet three of stature and a slight stoop in the shoulders—such was Lieutenant Peter Lindbohm, of the Swedish or any other army, brave fighter in the Argentine, in China, in South Africa. . . . He always offered his sword to the underdog first, and if it were refused gave the other side second choice;" John Curtis, a Bostonian and a Harvard man, taking a trip around the world and stopping in Crete to gather material for a book; and Panayota, who is like another Helen, "tall, straight, and deep-bosomed. . . . Her hair, that was in reality a soft brown, seemed of gold; one massive strand fell over her bosom quite to her knees. Her face was oval, the features as clearly cut as those of a goddess. Her large brown eyes, wide apart beneath a low, broad forehead, beamed with fearless innocence and wonder."

Mr. Horton has studied the ways and the customs of these people—in fact, he has made his novel resemble in spots a text-book; but he has written at a rapid pace, and one thrilling incident follows another in quick succession. It is essentially a man's story, and descriptions like these are uncomfortably frequent:

> . . . A woman, completely crazed with fear and grief, came stumbling along the stony road, bearing upon her back a lad nearly as large as herself, holding him by the wrists. His throat had been cut, and the head fell back horribly, lolling from side to side, pumping out the blood that had soaked her dress to the hips and her long hair that dabbled in the gash.

The sufferings that these poor Cretans are made to endure remind one of the persecution of the Christians under Nero. Panayota is loved by the Swede and by the American, and it is in attempting to rescue her from the Turks that they are brought into danger. She is carried off by Kostakes, who keeps her a prisoner in his harem. She makes her escape at last, but a greater danger awaits her. She falls in with a band of lepers, and she is doomed. It is interesting to note the difference between the love of Lindbohm and the love of Curtis. Just so long as Panayota looked like a "Greek goddess" and just so long as she was unattainable, the young Bostonian loved her madly; but to his "romantic and brave nature there was attached an automatic brake of New England prudence," and so, after passing through thrilling experiences because of her, he calmly sails away to his own land and leaves her to her destiny. And as for Peter Lindbohm, he "went back to his love. As friend, he was stanch even to his own seeming undoing, and made no moan; as lover, he was great enough to be faithful unto more than death, and for such there is a full reward. No sacrifice awaited him, but a long lifetime of peaceful joys."

By way of criticism we might add that Mr. Horton has crowded his episodes in such a way that at times the characters are almost lost track of. The book presents a panorama of horrors, but he has undoubtedly given a faithful picture of Crete at the present day, and its originality will attract the blasé reader.

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THE WRITINGS OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Royal Edition. Illustrated. Volume I. The Warden; Volumes II. and III. Barchester Towers. Philadelphia: Gebbie & Company.

This edition of the best-known novels of Anthony Trollope will, when completed, consist of thirty volumes, the first three of which are now before us. They are beautifully printed upon fine paper; they are supplied with numerous and excellent illustrations, and they appear at a time when a revived interest in Trollope is becoming steadily perceptible in the reading world, which has grown surfeited with those novels of the day that possess nothing whatever to make them memorable—neither accurate and striking delineation of character nor ingenuity of plot. This series will meet an increasing demand; and, in fact, it will be almost the only source upon which new readers of Trollope can rely; since, to our own knowledge there are some of his best books which it is impossible to obtain through any of the booksellers without importing them from England. We, therefore, welcome so attractive and so well selected a library of good English fiction as this edition will afford the public; and we think that its appearance is a healthy sign of a renewed interest in a type of novel that is not written to be read and then forgotten, but which adds something permanent and imperishable to the sound and strong and living literature of the world.

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1901.

February business as a whole compared favourably with that of corresponding months of previous years, but was not remarkable in any particular respect. The sale of fiction published during 1900 continued to be the most remarkable characteristic. Special sales of overstock and replenishing from the publishers' general lists resulted in many instances from the annual inventories taken February 1. Publications were more numerous than during either of the two preceding months, but were still less than those of the same time in some recent years. *Babs, the Impossible,* by Sarah Grand; *The King of Honey Island,* by Maurice Thompson, and *The Sacred Fount,* by Henry James, were among the most prominent of fiction. Miscellaneous works of interest included *Dictionary of American Authors* (revised), by O. F. Adams; *Encyclopædia of Etiquette,* by Emily Holt; *Three Plays for Puritans,* by C. B. Shaw, and *The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews,* by Lyman Abbott.

Among the popular books several have shown a tendency to increased sales, while others show signs of a decreasing demand. Of the former may be mentioned *Richard Yea-and-Nay, Quincy Adams Sawyer* and *The Master Christian.*

European guide-books are already selling to a considerable extent, and announcements of new books on nature subjects indicate that the trade may expect the customary demand for what may be termed spring literature.

New books on topics of the day include works on expansion, both of America and other countries, and reviews in various fields for the nineteenth century. South African and China affairs, however, seem to have become exhausted, and there is little new on these questions. A goodly number of memoirs and biographies are also noticeable among recent publications; of these may be mentioned *Life of the Emperor Frederick,* by S. Whitman, and *The Private Life of King Edward VII.* Also *Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks, Oliver Cromwell,* by John Morley, and *Life and Letters of Thomas H. Huxley,* are in steady demand.

Much interest is naturally manifested in the first announcement of the American Publishers' Association. The omission of fiction materially limits the field covered by the regulations, while the matter of retail prices and discounts to the trade is very properly left to the judgment of each publisher for their respective lines. The trade generally is favourably disposed to any plan looking towards a protection of prices, and will undoubtedly, as a rule, give the present one a cordial reception.

Library business and text-book trade, including a considerable call for supplementary reading matter, remained strong throughout the month. Announcements of new publications for early issue were also numerous, so that the outlook for the coming months is for a continuance of good sales.

The popular sellers of the month past are as follows:

Eben Holden. By I. A. Bacheller. $1.50.

Alice of Old Vincennes. By M. Thompson. $1.50.

Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $1.50.

Billy Baxter's Letters. By W. J. Kountz, Jr. 75 cents.

In the Palace of the King. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.

Richard Yea-and-Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.

The Sky Pilot. By Ralph Connor. $1.25.

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

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Quincy Adams Sawyer. By C. F. Pidgin. $1.50.
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By H. Harland. $1.50.
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. $1.50.
Stringtown on the Pike. By John Uri Lloyd. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

MARCH 1, 1901.

By comparison with the same month last year, the volume of business transacted during February shows that trade is still moving onward and upward, and that, generally speaking, a very healthy condition of business exists. Miscellaneous stock moved well, just as it has done ever since the new year opened, and the interest in the new books which appeared during the month was quite keen.

Popular books show, as usual, large sales, the country demand for the leading titles being especially active. In this class *Eben Holden* and *Alice of Old Vincennes* continue to head the list. *Richard Yea-and-Nay* made quite an advance in popular favour, the sale being larger than during any previous month since publication. *Uncanonised* also went very well, and others which deserve mention on account of unusual success in point of sale are *In the Palace of the King, Stringtown on the Pike, The Cardinal's Snuff-Box* and *The Gentleman from Indiana.*

St. Valentine's day is now of rather more than usual interest to the bookseller on account of the custom, which is increasing each year, of giving books suitable to the occasion (poetical selections for the most part) as valentines. *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* was quite a favourite this year for that purpose, and so were *The Lovers' Shakespeare, Riley Love Lyrics, Because I Love You* and others too numerous to mention.

While books on the Anglo-Boer conflict are, generally speaking, not much in demand now, yet the sale of two of them keeps up very well; these are *The Great Boer War,* by Conan Doyle, and *With Both Armies in South Africa,* by Richard Harding Davis.

The honours of the month, in regard to new books, were carried off by *Like Another Helen,* by George Horton, which "caught on" at once, and promises to sell largely during the coming month. Sarah Grand's *Babs, the Impossible* also met with good success.

Books of the *David Harum* type, such as *Quincy Adams Sawyer, Uncle Terry, Eben Holden,* etc., are all very prominent in the demand just now, and it looks as though simple character stories of this kind will enjoy for a time quite a vogue.

The best-selling books last month were:

Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.
In the Palace of the King. By Marion Crawford. $1.50.
Uncanonised. By Margaret Horton Potter. $1.50.
Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $1.50.
To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. 50 cents and $1.50 net.
Richard Yea-and-Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.
Stringtown on the Pike. By James Lloyd. $1.50.
The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.
The Cardinal's Musketeer. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By Henry Harland. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, January 20 to February 20, 1901.

The past month has not resulted in any very considerable amount of trade, but in this direction expectations are not usually great at this time of the year. A steady demand has been experienced in nearly all classes of literature, more especially in fiction; and, taking everything into consideration, it may safely be said that the sales have not compared unfavourably with those of corresponding periods in previous years.

With the death of Queen Victoria came a somewhat brisk demand for records of her life. Many of the editions which had been before the public for a number of years were hastily brought up to date and again placed upon the market. The supply has, however, been greater than the demand. The most popular work has been *Queen Victoria: A Personal Sketch,* by Mrs. Oliphant, which ran into its thousands within a few days of the Queen's death. *The Illustrated Life of the Queen,* by R. R. Holmes, librarian at Windsor Castle, has also been in demand. A great number of orders have also been placed for *The Passing of the Great Queen,* by Marie Corelli, which appears as we go to press.

The six-shilling novel has, doubtless, been the principal factor in the trade of the month, and many of those which have been so frequently mentioned in our reports still continue to enjoy a large measure of popularity. Among the more recent issues by well-known authors may be mentioned *According to Plato,* by F. Frankfort Moore; *A Wheel of Fire,* by Jean Middlemas; *May Silver,* by A. St. Aubyn; *Max Thornton,* by Ernest Glanville, and *A Soldier for a Day,* by E. Spender.

The Master Sinner, by "a well-known author," calls for special attention. Imitative alike in its title and contents, the latter being modelled upon the lines of that formerly popular work, *Letters from Hell,* it has secured a distinct success, and has been much asked for.

Botha's *From Boer to Boer and Englishman* and *An Absent-Minded War* have sold freely; but books on the South African campaign generally have not been much sought after.

The Lenten season has commenced, but books pertinent to the season have not had any appreciable sale. The number of fresh issues in this class is at present very limited.

Consequent upon the death of the Queen and the ensuing events in the social world the sale of the illustrated journals and periodicals has been very great throughout the month.

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We append a list of the books which have sold most freely during the past month.

Life of Irene Petrie. By Mrs. Carus-Wilson. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Master Sinner. By a well-known author. 3s. 6d. (Long.)

An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)

Hosts of the Lord. By F. A. Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)

With Christ at Sea. By F. T. Bullen. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Queen Victoria: A Personal Sketch. By Mrs. Oliphant. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Rue with a Difference. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Private Life of the Queen. By one of H. M. servants. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)

Brass Bottle. By F. Anstey. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By H. Harland. 6s. (Lane.)

Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FEBRUARY 10 TO MARCH 10, 1901.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:

The Globe Mutiny. William Lay and C. M. Hussey.
A Priest and a Woman. L. Ayr.
The New Don Quixote. Mary Pacheco.

American Book Company:

Incognito Groller. Max Lent.
Œdipus Tyrannus. M. E. Earl.
Primer of Hygiene. J. W. Hall.
Physiology and Hygiene. J. W. Hall and W. S. Hall.
English Literature. I. C. McNeill and S. A. Lynch.

Appleton:

A Royal Exchange. J. M. Cobban.

Armstrong and Son:

Modern Criticism. G. A. Smith.

Bibelot Brothers:

The Ludovic Zam Affair. P. W. Hart.

Buckles, F. M.

Daunay's Tower. Adeline Sergeant.

Crowell and Company:

The Religious Spirit in the Poets. W. B. Carpenter.
Hero Patriots of the Nineteenth Century. E. Sanderson.
The Jew in London. C. Russell, B.A., and H. S. Lewis, M.A.
The Heiress of the Forest. E. C. Price.
Virgin Saints and Martyrs. S. Baring-Gould.
Harvest-Tide. Sir L. Morris, M.A.
Abraham Lincoln. J. H. Choate.
Questions of Empire. Lord Rosebery.
Religion in Literature and Religion in Life. S. A. Brooks.
Problems of Evolution. F. W. Headly.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

New York in Fiction. Arthur Bartlett Maurice.
A History of Criticism. G. Saintsbury.
A Question of Silence. A. Douglas.
Olive Tracey. A. Le Feuvre.
John Charity. H. A. Vachell.
According to Plato. F. Moore.
Masters of Music. A. A. Chapin.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Mushroom Book. N. L. Marshall.
A King's Pawn. Hamilton Drummond.
Our Land and Land Policy. Henry George.

Fenno and Company:

A Missing Hero. Mrs. Alexander.
The Heart of the Dancer. Percy White.

Harper and Brothers:

Life of the Emperor Frederick. Sidney Whitman.
Babs, the Impossible. Sarah Grand.
A Lady of the Regency. Mrs. S. Rawson.
The Sentimentalists. A. S. Pier.
American Engineering Competition.
A New Way Around an Old World. Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D.
John Vytal. W. F. Payson.

Holt and Company:

Selections from Swift. F. C. Prescott.
German and Swiss Settlements of Pennsylvania. O. Kuns.
The Crimson Weed. C. St. John.
Johnston's High School History of the United States. W. McDonald.
Puritan and Anglican. E. Dowden.

Lane:

The Visits of Elizabeth. Elinor Glyn.
A Year of Life. Wm. S. Lilly.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Notes on Speech-Making. B. Matthews, D.C.L.
The Philosophy of the Short Story. B. Matthews, D.C.L.
The Law and Policy of Annexation. C. F. Randolph.
Abyssinia. Herbert Vivian, M.A.

Macmillan:

The Southern Poets. W. L. Weber.
The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages. H. O. Taylor.
Chaucer. M. H. Liddell.
The Heritage of Unrest. G. Overton.
Highways and Byways in East Anglia. W. A. Dutt.
Poe's Prose Tales. E. A. Poe.

Mitchell:

The Safe Side. R. M. Mitchell.

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McClure, Phillips and Company:
Abraham Lincoln, His Book.
Love Stories from McClure's Magazine. . .
Encyclopædia of Etiquette. Emily Holt.

Press Exchange Company:
Five Months in a Mad House.

Putnam's Sons:
Love and Honour. M. E. Carr.
The Nineteenth Century. A Review of Progress.
The Forest Schoolmaster. P. Rosegger.
Saint Louis (Louis IX. of France). F. Perry.
French Life in Town and Country. H. Lynch.

Russell:
Weber and Fields. A Pictorial Souvenir.
Stage Lyrics. H. B. Smith.

Scribner:
The Sacred Fount. Henry James.
The Opera Past and Present. W. F. Apthorp.
Italian Influences. Eugene Schuyler.
Memoir and Essays. Eugene Schuyler.
The Works of Lord Byron. Letters and Journals. Vol. V. R. E. Prothets.
Dombey and Son. Charles Dickens.
The Historical Novel. Brander Matthews.
French Dramatists. Brander Matthews.
The Shadow of a Man. E. W. Hornung.

Stokes:
An American with Lord Roberts. Julian Ralph.

Young and Company:
The Divinity of Christ. C. L. Currie.

BOSTON.

Educational Publishing Company:
Outlines of Art History. Vol. I. Architecture. J. F. Hopkins.

Ginn and Company:
Juvenal. H. P. Wright.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:
Peter Cooper. R. W. Raymond.
Thomas Jefferson. A. C. Merwin.
William Penn. G. Hodges.
Sam Lovel's Boy. R. E. Robinson.
The New Epoch of Faith. G. A. Gordon, D.D.
A Dictionary of American Authors. O. F. Adams.
The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews. L. Abbott, D.D.
The Woodpeckers. Fannie H. Eckstorm.
The Turn of the Road. Eugenia B. Frothingham.
A Pillar of Salt. Jeannette Lee.

Lee and Shepard:
Uncle Terry. Charles Clark Munn.

Marlier and Company:
Mooted Questions of History. H. J. Desmond.

Page:
The Devil's Plough. Anna Farquhar.

Sanborn and Company:
A Modern Composition and Rhetoric. L. W. Smith and J. E. Thomas.

Small, Maynard and Company:
The Handy Man Afloat and Ashore. Rev. C. Goodenough.
Jean Paul Marat. E. R. Bax.
The Anatomy of Misery. J. C. Kenworthy.

CHICAGO.

Advance Publishing Company:
Who Killed Joe's Baby? C. M. Sheldon.
Born to Serve. C. M. Sheldon.

Callaghan and Company:
The Constitutional History of the United States. 3 vols. F. N. Thorpe.

McClurg and Company:
A Daughter of the Fields. K. Tynman.

Neely Company:
Odin's Last Hour. H. M. Fletcher.

Stone and Company:
The Monk Wins. E. H. Cooper.
Chapters from Illinois History. E. G. Mason.
Three Plays for Puritans. B. Shaw.

Wasson and Company:
The Queens of England. Mary Howitt.

HARRISBURG, PA.

Myers and Company:
Jukes-Edwards. A. E. Winship.

LEWISBURG, PA.

Lincoln Hulley:
Lullabies and Slumber Songs. L. Hulley.

PHILADELPHIA.

Jewish Publishing Company:
Songs of Exile. N. Davis.

J. B. Lippincott:
Eudemon. David Newport.
The History of Medicine in the United States. F. R. Packard.
A Little Grey Sheep. Mrs. H. Fraser.
Sweetheart Manette. M. Thompson.
A Cabinet Secret. G. Boothby.
In Spite of Foes. Gen. C. King.

AKRON, O.

Saalfield Publishing Company:
Ralph Marlowe. J. B. Naylor.

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OXFORD.

Clarendon Press:

Vol. I. Celtic Folklore, Welsh and Manx. John Rhys, M.A., D.Litt.
Vol. II. Celtic Folklore, Welsh and Manx. John Rhys, M.A., D.Litt.

ITHACA, N. Y.

Andrus and Church:

The Wahley Record. Rev. Samuel Wahley.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

E. Darrow and Company:

Social Progress. J. B. Norman.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office:

Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1898-99. Vol. II.
Census of Puerto Rico, 1899.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between February 1, 1900, and March 1, 1901.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Lord Jim. Conrad. (Doubleday.) $1.50.
6. Crittenden. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.25.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday.) $1.50 net.
5. That Mainwaring Affair. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Brentano.) $1.00 and $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Sacred Fount. James. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Clyde. Gordon. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Visits of Elizabeth. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Conquest of London. Gerard. (Fenno.) 40 cents.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (C. M. Clark Publishing Co.) $1.50.
4. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Uncle Terry. Munn. (Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Life of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton.) $7.50.
2. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Heart of the Ancient Wood. Roberts. (Silver, Burdett & Co.) $1.50.
6. Life of Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Uncle Terry. Munn. (Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Lane That Had No Turning. Parker. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Uncanonised. Potter. (McClurg & Co.) $1.50.
4. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Darlingtons. Peake. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
5. The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The House Behind the Cedars. Chesnutt. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Darlingtons. Peake. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The House of Egremont. Seawell. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Crittenden. Fox, Jr. (Scribner.) $1.25.

DENVER, COL.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Dr. North and His Friends. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountze, Jr. (Duquesne Distributing Co.) 75 cents.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. Black Rock. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
5. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Romance of Gilbert Holmes. Kirkman. (World's Railway.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Love Lyrics. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
6. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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2. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Real David Harum. Vance. (Baker & Taylor Co.) 75 cents.
5. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
6. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Morang.) 50 cents and $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Briggs.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
4. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
5. Forty-One Years in India. Lord Roberts. (Longman.) Cloth, $2.50.
6. Life of D. L. Moody. His son. (Revell.) Cloth, $2.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
2. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. That Mainwaring Affair. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (C. M. Clark.) $1.50.
4. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5 Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. McLoughlin and Old Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Stories of Oregon. Dye. (Whitaker & Ray.) 50 and 60 cents.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (C. M. Clark.) $1.50.
4. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
5. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Fortune of a Day. Channing. (Stone.) $1.25.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark Publishing Co.) $1.50.
5. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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3. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lords of the North. Laut. (Taylor.) $1.50.
6. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
5. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
*4. Songs from Bohemia. O'Connell. (Robertson.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Cardinal's Rose. Sutphen. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Morang.) $1.50.
3. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (McLeod and Allen.) 75 cents and $1.50.
5. The Duke. Clouston. (Longmans.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Poole Printing Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.

*Local publication.

5. The Eagle's Heart. Garland. (D. Appleton & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. House of Egremont. Seawell. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50 and cheap edition.
2. Eastover Courthouse. Boone. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Darlingtons. Peake. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark Publishing Co.) $1.50.
5. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best-selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
" "	2d	"	"	"	8
" "	3d	"	"	"	7
" "	4th	"	"	"	6
" "	5th	"	"	"	5
" "	6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.....	297
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.....	224
3. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	130
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Scribner.) $1.50..	79
5. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50...	72
6. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50	58

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